MILD WINTER BRINGS DOWN EGG PRICES

Remedy for Poultry Producers Declared Quality Stock and Feed

By PROF. F. H. STONEBURN
Poultry Editor

It must be admitted that the level of egg quotations on the principal markets has been disappointingly low during the fall and winter season. On occasion, prices have been somewhat higher than during corresponding periods of last year but commonly quotations, on the basis of fresh extra firsts, have ruled somewhat below those of a year ago.

This condition was not expected in view of the relatively great reduction in the laying flocks and the related fact that an unusually high proportion of the pullets which went into the laying pens were late hatched and, therefore, immature. Under normal conditions the egg yield would have been sharply curtailed and prices affected accordingly.

The explanation is partially revealed by the following quotation from a January market report:

"Mild weather throughout the country and some increase in production resettled the [illegible] position slightly and the market on mixed colored fresh was unsettled. Fresh whites barely steady. Refrigerators unchanged; some retailers cut prices on these sharply."

Climatic conditions throughout the poultry belt affect production. Mild, pleasant weather stimulates the output; severe weather checks it. The present winter has been one of the mildest in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

Warm days and clear, sunny skies, have persisted over much of the egg-producing territory during the entire season, with the result that the egg receipts at the big markets greatly exceeded all expectations, with quotations reacting accordingly.

Further, because of the curtailed buying power of the consuming public the demand for first quality eggs at comparatively high prices was reduced. So the explanation of this unfavorable situation lies in unnaturally heavy production and a slow market.

In spite of the disappointment felt by the poultry fraternity over this unexpected turn of affairs, I note that the efficient poultryman as a whole are not discouraged or unduly upset.

There are certain compensating factors. First, the poultrymen recognize the fact that the price level of their products did not fall in quite such proportion as did that of the majority of other staple commodities, yet there was a big fall in production costs, especially in the matter of feed prices, which have

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PROF. HAROLD E. WHITE is shown with snapdragons in full bloom at Waltham experiment station of Mass. State College. Plants are being developed in disease resistance.

such a marked effect upon the business.

Poultry husbandry has still held its position as the most profitable farm specialty and the capable producers have been able to consistently make something in the way of profit. That is not true of all agricultural lines.

DAIRY MARKET POSITION

Consider the unhappy position of the dairy industry, for example. In many of the milk producing sections which supply the great cities along the eastern seaboard with liquid milk the producers complain that current wholesale prices are below actual production costs and the state of New York already is preparing to take some sort of official action in the matter.

It is obvious that those who are really suffering under the present situation are the so-called poultrymen who are neglicent and inefficient, who have stock of inferior quality, use feeds of poor character and methods of management which could hardly be expected to produce good results.

With a combination of low production and low prices they are just up against it, though they might get by with small production were egg quotations held at the usual seasonable level. Such as are really losing money in this industry may well make a careful analysis of the situation and bolster up the weak spots, especially in the matter of using bred-to-lay stock and results-insuring rations.

Both of these vital necessities can now be secured at prices much below those which have existed for many year past. There never was a better time to make the change and put the poultry flock on a profit-paying basis.

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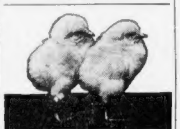

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By UNCLE TED

Actions of baby chicks is the surest guide in determining whether temperature is correct. If they wander away from the source of heat and spend most of their time running around or eating and drinking, they are comfortable. Active chicks spell comfort and health.

If chicks are being brooded in the home in a small box, they should be attended often. They are apt to become overheated if they do not have a cool place to resort to. If chicks are kept too warm, their vitality soon is sapped and they will grow slowly.

A shrill chirp is a sign that something is wrong. The chicks may be cold or they may be hungry.

Common diarrhea in chicks can be caused by overheating, chilling or the feeding of mouldy, musty or damp feed. Common diarrhea must not be confused with the pullorum disease. The latter is caused by a specific germ. Some chicks die because they eat large quantities of sand, shavings, chaff or any material that is used as a litter.

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(Uncle Ted's poultry talks are heard over WAAB every Tuesday morning from 11 to 11:15).

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By EDWARD C. VICK,
Home Garden Editor

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
Sunday, February 7, 1932

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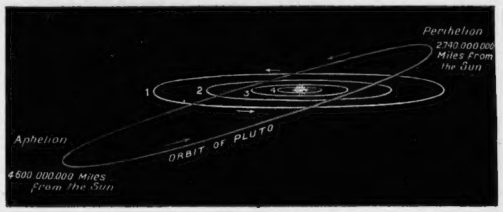
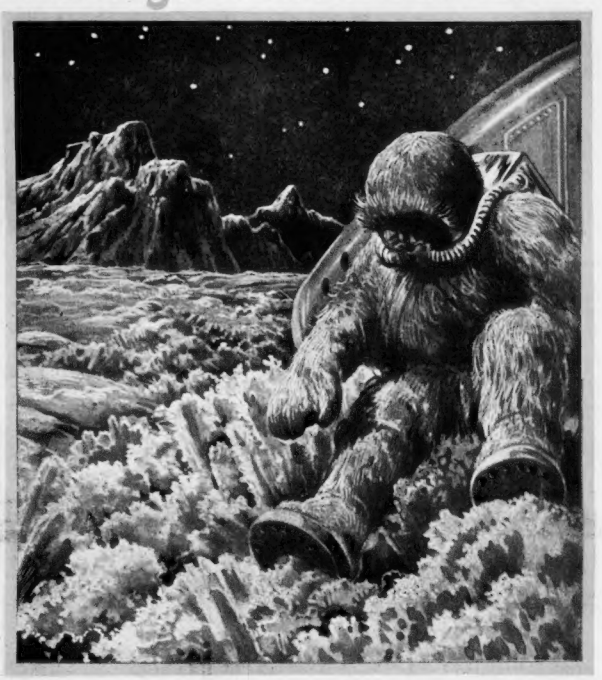
Forlorn, Fantastic "Pluto," the Newly Discovered Planet



Perspective View of the Solar System, Showing the Large Diameter and the Inclination of the Orbit of Pluto (in Red), With Relation to the Orbits of the Other Planets (in White), Which All Move Nearly in the Same Plane: (1) The Orbit of Neptune; (2) Uranus; (3) Saturn; (4) Jupiter. Mars, the Earth, Venus and Mercury Are Too Near Together to Be Shown.

Conditions on the Planet Mercury Are Just the Opposite From Those of Pluto, Where Terrible Cold Prevails. Mercury Receives Such an Intense Heat from the Sun That a Man Would Not Be Able to Endure It Without Elaborate Precautions, for It Would Be Great Enough to Cook a Piece of Meat by Simply Exposing It to the Rays of the Sun.



A Human Traveler Who Should Land on Pluto Would, Perhaps, Be Surprised to Find That He Could Hardly Stand on the Formations of Solidified Gas Which Cover the Soil, and Would See Very Badly There. Even at High Noon, Under the Dark Skies in Which the Stars Are Visible as at Night, the Surface of Pluto Is Only Feebly Lighted by the Very Distant Sun.

Most Distant of Our Solar Family, Temperature About 400 Degrees Below Zero, the Air and Other Gases Frozen Solid

By Prof. Lucien Rudaux,

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EVERY discovery in astronomy is interesting, because it adds to our increasing knowledge of the universe. But some discoveries specially excite our curiosity, for they give rise to discussions whether life exists on other worlds than ours. This is precisely the case with the new planet of the solar system discovered a few months ago at the Lowell Observatory, at Flagstaff, Arizona, to which the name Pluto has been given. But it should be said at once that there is no reason to believe that life, as we understand it, can exist on Pluto.

The history of the discovery of Pluto is well known, and it is unnecessary to recite it. But considerable time was needed to determine its exact position in space, and it is only now possible to speak of it with any worthwhile information. In spite of all that has been done, certain important data are still lacking with regard to this planet, for it is so distant from the earth that it can only be seen with the aid of the most powerful telescopes as a tiny point of light, similar to the weakest star.

Under these conditions it has been impossible, up to the present, to estimate reliably its size, and the only ideas we can form on this subject are obtained by comparing its brilliancy with that of other planets, or by theoretical calculations concerning its mass. These various efforts permit us to estimate that Pluto is not larger than our earth, and that very probably it is considerably smaller. We shall be better informed on this subject in the future, thanks to minute observations that are now being made. To appreciate the known facts at their proper value, some comparisons are necessary, and the best thing to do is to consider first the conditions on other planets surrounding the sun.

We know that this group, known as the solar system, is composed of planets which are situated at very different distances from the sun. The nearest is Mercury, which is only 36,000,000 miles away; then Venus, 67,000,000 miles away; the earth, 92,000,000 miles away; Mars, 141,500,000 miles away; Jupiter, 483,000,000 miles away; Saturn, 886,700,000 miles away; Uranus, 1,784,000,000 miles away, and finally Neptune, which is 2,795,000,000 miles away.

The latter, Neptune, until recently, was believed to be the outside limit of the solar system. It was estimated with reason that at this immense distance from the sun the conditions on the surface of a planet must be essentially different from those which we enjoy here on our earth. We are familiar with the essential importance of heat and light in the development and support of living creatures on earth. They can live only within rather narrow limits of temperature, above and below which living matter cannot exist.

For these reasons we have found that life, as we understand it, could not develop on Neptune. The total amount of the sun's rays received on this planet is, by reason of its distance from the luminary, 900 times less than on earth, and, assuming that the original organic elements, animal or vegetable, were present on that globe as on earth, the conditions surrounding them would have led to a very different kind of development. We can see a proof of this in the diversity of plants and animals as they happen to exist at the polar or tropical regions on earth.

If it was decided that life was very difficult or impossible, according to our conception, at the limits of the solar system as known up to a year ago, what are we to think of the newly discovered planet whose distance from the sun must produce conditions much more extreme than those on Neptune? This question is complicated by the fact that Pluto is at one time immensely farther away from the sun than at another.

The orbits or paths described by the various planets around the sun, as is generally known, are not perfect circles, but ellipses or ovals. That means that the planets are at varying distances from the sun at different points on their path. The nearest point to the sun on a planet's path is called the perihelion, and the most distant point the aphelion. But generally the distance between a planet and the sun does not change very greatly, except in the case of Mercury, and the changes in distance only cause very slight differences in the amount of heat and light received.

It is quite different with Pluto, whose distance from the sun varies so greatly that this planet at perihelion is 2,742,957,000 miles from the sun, and at aphelion is 4,620,240,000 miles away. To understand all the importance of this immense distance, and to compare it to the comparatively small distance which separates the earth from the sun, we will calculate it with the help of the speed of light, which travels through space at the rate of 186,300 miles a second. To go from the sun to the earth the light rays only require eight minutes, while they spend seven hours in reaching Pluto—52½ times as long.

From the preceding figures we find that at a certain point of its path Pluto is a little nearer the sun than Neptune. This might give rise to the idea that the orbits of these planets cross one another at two given points. But this is not the case, for the path of Pluto is in a very different level from that of Neptune, which is in the same general plane as the other planets. The direction in which Pluto circulates makes any collision impossible. The diagram herewith makes this clear.

When it is nearest to the sun Pluto receives nearly the same amount of heat and light as Neptune. We have just seen in connection with Neptune that this very restricted quantity would be insufficient to permit life as we know it. But that is the maximum which Pluto can enjoy—a kind of frozen summer, in fact. Its journey round the sun occupies 250 years—longer than the existence of the United States. During the greater part of this journey conditions are much more severe, and at aphelion, the sun, reduced by its distance to a mere luminous point, distributes on the surface of the planet 2,500 times less rays than on earth, which means practically none.

Are we capable of conceiving what that means? It is at least certain that on this globe lost in the frozen solitudes of outer space the temperature must be near absolute zero, which is 459 degrees below the zero of our family thermometer, so low that certain gases, like oxygen and nitrogen (the air we breath), would be changed to a solid state. This means the absolute impossibility of an atmosphere like ours, and even if we imagine that there may be living creatures on Pluto, they must be organisms whose nature and activities are inconceivable to us.

If we assume that there are such hypothetical organisms, it is very difficult to reconstruct the surroundings amid which their life would be passed. We know at present hardly anything of the nature of the surface of Pluto, but it is certain that our eyes would be very much puzzled by it if we succeeded in obtaining a close view of its landscapes. Such landscapes, whether or not broken by hills and mountains, could not be anything else but absolutely dreary. If ever water existed on that soil, in far distant ages when the planet, just formed, still possessed a temperature capable of sustaining the elements in the form in which we know them, this condition has long ceased to exist by reason of the extreme cold. Eternally frozen seas could be the only witnesses of the presence of the liquid element.

For the same reason certain gases of the atmosphere would be solidified by the terrible lowering of the temperature, which the heat of the distant sun, amounting to practically nothing, could not combat. What may once have been breathable air can only exist in the state of frozen deposits accumulated in depressions of the surface.

Following this hypothetical but not impossible line of conjecture, we have tried to reproduce the impression which a human traveler would receive if he could land on this world by means of some prodigious machine. It must be assumed, of course, that he would have effective means of protecting his body against the absence of air and the total refrigeration. In our present ignorance of the exact dimensions and weight of Pluto, we cannot estimate very definitely just what the traveler would experience. Everything leads us to believe that he would feel much lighter than here. This condition might be favorable in helping him to move about freely with the heavy protective armor he would have to wear.

But perhaps, after all, he would have difficulty in moving about if, as we have supposed, he should set foot on the piles of solidified gas which would be like sharp rocks. The spectacle offered by the planet would be truly surprising, and its strangeness would be increased by the melancholy feeling due to the lack of light. In fact, even at high noon the man would not see clearly and would be prevented from taking instantaneous photographs, among other things.

The sky is dark, for if Pluto is still surrounded by any atmosphere whatever, it must be very thin and without vapor. The sun shines on it merely like a great star, and its rays are not diffused at all. No doubt a visitor would see the other stars dotting the celestial vault, as during a clear night on earth. But when he turned his eyes toward the sky he would seek in vain to discover his native globe to comfort himself. The earth is absolutely invisible from Pluto, for its distance reduces its separation from the sun to such an extent that it is lost in the latter's rays. The inhabitants of Pluto—if they existed—would entirely ignore the existence of our planet.

It is difficult to push our ideas further in the absence of more exact data on the physical nature of a planet which is still so little known. But, in spite of its lack of precision, the information we possess is valuable because it makes us recognize the astonishing variety of conditions among the different planets, classed as members of one family grouped around the sun.

There is, for instance, a prodigious contrast between the world of Pluto, subject to the rigors we have described, at the outside limits of the solar system, and that of Mercury, whose proximity to the sun makes it an uninhabitable place for exactly opposite reasons. The intensity of solar radiation received by Mercury is so great that we could not endure it directly. On this planet the highly equipped human traveler we have imagined would be obliged to protect himself by various kinds of apparatus, including garments of asbestos, in order not to be roasted and perish immediately from the sun's rays. But having taken these precautions, he would be sure of not needing fuel and he would enjoy the convenience of cooking his food by simply exposing it to the sun's rays.

The poets have perhaps been somewhat incorrect in describing the earth and the other planets as celestial sisters. What we know of their physical make-up and the conditions which prevail on their surface prove to us that they are, in any case, sisters very much unlike one another.

In short, the interesting discovery of Pluto, now the most distant planet known in the solar system, increases the divergences which we have already observed among all these worlds, and emphasizes how far removed are some of the planets from the conditions in which earthly life flourishes.

Cut-Rate Weddings Upset Marriage Town's Industry

DURING the past 20 years the little city of Vancouver, Washington, has become the "marryingest" community of its size in the country. In two decades the officials of its marriage license bureau have issued the necessary papers to more than 100,000 persons whom the ministers and justices of the peace of the city have, to their profit, bound into pairs with the so-called holy bonds of matrimony.

Until a short time ago the chief industry of Vancouver was conducted rather smoothly. The county officials kept the wheels of the marriage mill going day and night and the parsons amiably shared the patronage which came to their community from every State in the Union and even from Canada. The standard fee for performing the wedding ceremony was, unofficially, $5 although liberal bridegrooms often paid many times that amount for the privilege of becoming husbands.

The Clark County Courthouse was, and is, ringed about with parsonages bearing conspicuous signs, some of which are illuminated at night, to attract the attention of prospects. On the wall of the marriage license office there used to be a directory giving a complete list of the ministers and justices of the peace to whom couples might go. But that directory has been taken down as a result of the war for customers which has recently broken out in Vancouver.

Just who started the war is a debatable question, but, at the moment, the distinction seems to fall on the Rev. Joseph T. Keating, whose chief occupation was cooking at the county jail. Several of the full-time ministers of the community protested that the Reverend Keating should stick to his pots and pans and not take off his apron so often to play the role of marrying parson.

The ecclesiastical cook answered these objections by renting a house across the street from the jail and nailing a sign a yard square to one of the porch pillars. The sign says: "Wedding Parlor. Fee $2.50." He stuck a card with his name on it in the directory in the courthouse, and the card promptly disappeared. Soon after that other names went mysteriously from the roster and the clerk took the thing down.

Some of the ministers, excited by this sudden state of war, accused their colleagues of hiring agents to distribute business cards to couples entering the courthouse. Rumors flew about that certain of the ministers had pulled the names of business rivals from the banned bulletin board. The Rev. Keating was charged with using trusties at the county jail to solicit business for him.

The lion's share of the marrying business is said to go to Mrs. Jean B. Shaw, who is a justice of the peace and whose office is squarely across from the south entrance of the courthouse. Only two doors away is the old house of the Rev. Paul Kurzman, who bids for business with three signs. He is said to run second to Mrs. Shaw.

Just south of the Kurzman residence lives the Rev. Stuart Goude, who also advertises his services by a sign, and who manages to tie many a marital knot in spite of the keen competition however, for the Reverend Keating—what with his half rate and his alleged assistance from certain of the jail inmates for whom he cooks—is said to be running a close third to the Reverend Kurzman.

Several other pastors and justices of the peace share, in lesser degree, the prosperity which continues to come to Washington's Gretna Green. The lack of restrictions in the Washington marriage law operates all over the State as well as in Vancouver. But the city happens to be located on several main highways and to be almost as widely and favorably known as Reno. That's and the rate war.

Location is not every thing, why Vancouver is the "marryingest" city of its size in America.

Vancouver, for those with the urge to marry, is an oasis surrounded by less legally favored regions. All a couple needs to "become one" in Vancouver is one witness who will swear that he, or she, knows both parties are of legal age and not nearer of kin than second cousins.

No physical examination is necessary and there's no three-day wait between the application for and the issuing of a license. The couple sign their names to a short affidavit, the witness signs his name to the paper. Then all three hold up their right hands and swear that they are telling the truth. The small fee is paid and the contracting parties are ready to be made man and wife by one of Vancouver's many parsons.

Clark County Courthouse at Vancouver, Washington, Where Marriage Licenses Are Obtainable Night and Day.

The Reverend Joseph T. Keating, One of the Foremost of the Marrying Parsons of Vancouver, Who Adds to His Income, Since the Rate-War, by Cooking for the Inmates in the County Jail.

The Reverend Mr. Keating in His Capacity of "Wedding Parlor" Operator.

So Keen Is the Competition Among the Marrying Parsons That They Display Signs on Their Homes. Some of These Signs Are Illuminated at Night.

The New Screen "Bathing Box"

WHEN Miss Barbara Marsh, a young English artist, designed a bathing screen for some wealthy friends of hers, she did not think that she was inventing something that probably will be produced in thousands and fill a long-felt want on public bathing beaches all over the world.

These well-to-do friends of the girl artist have an open-air swimming pool on their estate near the town of Wargrave. The pool is so located that motorists, or pedestrians, can get a full view of the bathers.

The owner of the estate mentioned his problem to Miss Marsh and asked if she could make some portable screens which could be placed about the edge of the pool to give himself, his family and his friends greater privacy while they were disporting themselves in the water and sunning themselves on the terrace circling the pool.

Being an inventive young woman, Miss Marsh conceived the idea of making several screens of strips of wood fastened together in the manner of the hood of a roll-top desk. She engaged a carpenter to make her such a screen on which she painted a scene showing fish swimming through waving underwater plants.

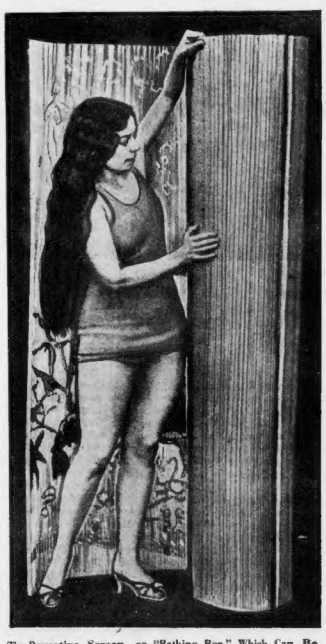
The whole thing weighed less than 15 pounds, even though it was some seven feet long and six feet high. Set up on the tiles at the edge of the pool it afforded complete privacy from the eyes of curious passers-by. Four such screens were sufficient to stretch the entire length of the pool.

A few days after Miss Marsh had delivered the last of the screens a manufacturer of sporting goods, who had heard of her invention, called on her. He told her that she had, whether she knew it or not, devised something that thousands of bathers had needed for years—a portable bathhouse which could be set up on the beach, lakeside or river bank.

Half of the public beaches in Great Britain, he points out, lack enough bath houses to accommodate the millions of people who flock to these places during the Summer. A light, easily-carried, inexpensive screen such as she had made could be sold to an active and ready market. He, or some other manufacturer, could duplicate the screens and turn them out at prices within the reach of everyone. He would call the portable bathhouse the "bathing-box."

It is likely that the girl artist will consent to have her screen become a "bathing-box" and be produced not only in wood but in a heavy grade of cheap straw matting. She already has more orders than she can fill for other hand-painted versions of the screen from wealthy British families whose private swimming pools are not shielded from the public highway by high walls or hedges.

The "Drunkard's Cloak," Which Is Nothing More Than a Barrel, Used Appropriately as a Form of Stock for the Punishment of Sots in the Good Old Days of Merrie England.



The Decorative Screen, or "Bathing Box," Which Can Be Carried About and Unrolled for Use as a Portable Bathhouse.

Paint Secrets of Old Masters Found?

EVERY ARTIST and intelligent critic of painting knows that the pictures of the old masters, who worked at their easels two centuries and more ago, possess a certain transparency and luminosity of color which modern artists seldom achieve.

More than 25 years ago Jacques Maroger, a director of the famous Louvre, started a scholarly search for the lost secret of mixing paints as the old masters knew how to make them, by hand. And the other day he announced to a committee of distinguished European painters that he believes his quest has been successful.

Monsieur Maroger's report of his researches took more than an hour to read and explain. But he told his colleagues that every one of the old masters made and mixed his own paints and that the pigments probably were mixed with just the right amount of linseed oil which, by some strange chemical action, gave their canvases remarkable depth and brilliance.

The reason that modern painters did not know this trick of painting, said M. Maroger, is that the ancient method was not recorded, but for years and years was passed from studio to studio by word of mouth. The famous Fragonard seems to have been the last of a line of master painters who knew the secret and who died without passing on the information.

For years the Louvre director worked in his studio making paints by hand and mixing the pigments with various oils in the hope that he would, by the long and expensive process of elimination, finally arrive at the ancient formula. He believes now that he has been successful and that painters of the present and the future will be able to get all the effects of a long line of geniuses with the brush.

Present-day artists must not think, said the Frenchman, that they are going to be able to buy duplicates of the paints of the old masters in tubes turned out by commercial paint makers. Such colors must, he believes, be ground and mixed by hand. They must always be made fresh and used before their peculiar potency is lost. A batch of such pigment made today cannot be used tomorrow.

Painters all over the world are excited at the probable discovery of the long-lost formula, not only because of the use to which colors made by this formula can be put to in the creation of paintings in the modern manner, but because more accurate copies of old masterpieces can now be made.

Monsieur Maroger already has painted one copy of an old Van Eyck portrait with pigments made according to his version of the ancient recipe and it is almost impossible to tell the copy from the original.

When a Woman Gossiped or Scolded Too Much, the Old London Authorities Fitted This "Scold's Bridle" Over Her Mouth.

How Old London Punished Sots and Scolds

LONDON.

A CENTURY and more ago residents of the British capital who made public pests of themselves by getting drunk too often and talking too much were punished in ways as effective as they were crude.

Drunkards, for example, were chastised—and prevented from drinking more liquor for the time being—by being placed in a barrel with a couple of holes cut in it, through which the culprit thrust his manacled hands. This simple but sensible device is shown in the photograph at the left. It was appropriately called the "drunkard's cloak."

On the cobbled-stone streets of old London it was not uncommon to see a dozen or more notorious sots walking around in these stocks, which permitted them to move about but restrained them from making nuisances of themselves so long as they were confined in their wooden prisons.

In the days when the "drunkard's cloak" was in vogue women were not, it seems, the emancipated individuals they are today. If they broke any one of many laws intended to regulate their conduct they were promptly, effectively and embarrassingly punished.

The picture at the right shows a device called the "scold's bridle." It is an iron frame with a band fitting so close over the mouth of the offender that she couldn't utter anything more annoying than a mumble or a grunt.

A collection of such interesting relics, preserved in a London museum, includes "scold's bridles" of various sizes, which shows that the silencers were adjusted to individual cases.

The devices used to suppress drunkards and overtalkative women were recently shown to the general public in an exhibition which included many such outmoded methods of preserving the peace. Among these things was an old ducking stool of the same type which the first English settlers of America used to soak the wickedness out of people they believed to be witches. The chair was sometimes used to souse the cantankerousness out of common scolds while the rest of the community gathered at the edge of the stream to enjoy the proceedings.

None of these things can properly be called instruments of torture, but if the old records tell the truth they were effective deterrents against some of the minor offenses which disturbed the peace of the community.

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But They "Love Her and Leave Her"

Poor "Kittens" Leightmer, Lively and Loving, Scarcely Settles Herself Cozily in the Affections of Somebody When Something Always Happens and She Has to Begin All Over Again

This Is "Kittens," Profile View, With Fur Coat.

Mr. Brody, Her Artist Husband, and "Kittens"—Happy for the Moment.

So, in Response to the Urgent Call, Fourteen Motor-Cycle Police Stealthily Approached the House Where "Kittens" Was Holding Her Party and Peered in the Window. Then They Crashed in on the Party.

SOME pretty kittens live all their nine lives in one home and never have to leave it. Others hardly more than get nicely cuddled up in a warm berth than some cruel hand dumps them out in the cold. But if they are real cute, friendly kittens, it does not matter much because they soon find another home.

To this not-so-lucky class seems to belong "Kittens" Leightmer who is leaving her latest happy home in New York by divorce but is already said to be sure of a welcome in a bigger and better one in Chicago.

Kittens is pretty and friendly and everybody ought to be nice to her. Everybody is but not for long.

The first love of her life, when she was but a slip of a girl of nineteen, arriving all innocent and everything in New York, was a very wealthy banker, more than sixty years old, who was certainly very nice indeed for a year or two during which she was cozy and purring around happily. Then he spoiled everything by refusing to marry her or pay the $100,000 heart-balm she wanted. This was as heartless as moving to the country and leaving one's kitty on the doorstep.

However, he had introduced her to a young banker who would have married her but his family would not let him. Kittens felt like a kitty that some boy had brought home only to have his mother throw it out of the house.

Then a Baron was willing to give her a home and a title, too, when an artist came along and diverted Kitten's attention long enough to marry her himself. He provided her with several homes, one in Paris, one in London and one in New York. But he beat her up once, shot himself twice, slashed his wrists with a razor and jumped in the Thames River. One can't purr cozily by the fire while such things are going on, so Kittens walked out to see if she could not do better.

In the various court proceedings she is known as Vera Leightmer and how she acquired the name "Kittens" does not appear in the record. The first time the young woman found herself on the front page of the newspapers was when the Nassau County police raided the wildest party that Great Neck, Long Island, had heard during the year 1924. But lots had gone before, though these installments in the life of "the Kitten" did not come out till later.

That Summer a lovely young brunette signed the name of Vera Leightmer to a season's lease for an expensive cottage in Great Neck. Right next door lived Mr. Henry A. Harris, a serious-minded man, with wife, children, and the theory that a taxpayer is entitled to a night's sleep. This theory does not always hold in some parts of Great Neck.

Miss Leightmer's household was blamelessly quiet during the day when kittens usually sleep, but during the evening and far into the night there were frequent sounds of wild revelry which murdered sleep next door. It was almost as bad as living near a flying field. Mr. Harris occasionally telephoned protests, but all he got were evasive answers such as "Go sit on a tack," "Jump out the window and turn to the left," "See if you can swim through a lamp chimney."

But at last a party was staged with such an uproar that Harris telephoned his friend, Justice of the Peace Egbert E. L'Ecluse, persuading him to come over and suppress the riot. In due time the sleepless man saw the judge's car arrive and that dignitary march majestically into the house.

For a moment beautiful peace reigned, but just as Harris was getting into bed the din broke loose again and kept up. Could it be that these "saloonatics" had murdered his friend or made him prisoner? After about an hour Mr. Harris telephoned his fears to the county police, who sent a squad of fourteen motorcycle cops to the rescue.

After peering through the windows and crashing in, they found the judge very much alive and free, in fact doing a highland fling, with one arm about a debutante and the other balancing a glass that contained something that smelled like Scotch. The judge was arrested with all the others, in spite of his perfectly lucid explanation. He had been invited to have a drink and join the party or have six and catch up with it. The judge thought he would be diplomatic and win their confidence before laying down the law about noise. The only trouble was that an hour or so had slipped by before he got 'round to it.

The ten other men in the party were each fined $10; the two girls and the judge let go, after Banker Seligman had appeased the landlord for cigarette burns on the rugs, broken chairs, alcoholic rings on furniture, stains on the upholstery and rust on the piano strings from spilled drinks.

Mr. Jefferson Seligman, the Rich Banker, Who Walked Out on "Kittens," but She Pursued Him With a $100,000 Suit—Which She Lost.

Photograph of "Kittens" Lightmer in Her Long Island Cottage.

The piano had been made before prohibition and was not equal to the strain of modern parties. But first the banker had to be sued and the landlord's lawyer, in referring to the destructive occasion, kept calling it "this house party," but he so pronounced it as to sound like "this souse party," which annoyed the elderly Mr. Seligman.

Kittens was evidently an unusual person. Not one girl in a million succeeds in getting a judge "pinched," especially within an hour or so of first meeting him.

A few years later she was to enjoy the distinction of being questioned as to whether she was the mystery girl who was said to have started to sue Judge "Peek-a-boo" Crater for breach of promise just before his disappearance. For a while she quieted down and lived happily in several nice New York homes provided by Banker Seligman and presently went to Europe to look for another.

In 1925, the Mauretania sailed from New York, with a weeping young man at the rail, shouting choking farewells to Kittens on the dock, who also was weeping as much as a lovely lady could without spoiling her looks. Trying to console the beauty in distress and not look too pleased, was Baron Willy von Knobloch Droste, who, besides being noble, made a good salary as an eccentric dancer. The Baron and the beauty, on a later steamer to Paris, followed the crying youth, who was Henry Clews, 3d, grandson of the founder of the banking house of that name.

While all concerned, and many who were not, wondered which of the two she would take—the title or the cash—the "Kitten" fooled everyone by marrying Illes Brody, a Hungarian portrait painter. He had made love like a Viennese light-opera leading man, almost, but not quite, capturing Vera, and there things stuck in a three-cornered deadlock. However, there is more than one way of skinning a cat, or rather winning a Kitten, and the artist tried some novelties. First he softened her heart by giving her a good beating and then he captured it completely by twice shooting himself in the chest.

As soon as he was strong enough to stand up before an altar and say, "I do," they were married and went to London. There the couple told reporters how happy they were, but the readers were somewhat puzzled by learning the next day that the happy groom had thrown himself into the Thames and almost succeeded in drowning himself. Steve Brody dove from Brooklyn Bridge into the East River for fame and money, but why did Illes Brody do it in the Thames? Of course actors and artists are not quite like other people, but to avoid explanations which nobody seemed to understand, the couple returned to New York.

There nobody asked about the high dive because Kittens set off a legal bombshell that blew all such minor questions out of everyone's mind. She started a hundred thousand dollar breach of promise suit against her benevolent banker-friend, Jefferson Seligman. This remarkable case came up on the calendar 31 times, only to be postponed, and never was actually tried. This did not prevent many preliminary explanations and rounds of depositions from both sides which were fired at each other every little while.

According to Kittens, she had come to New York in 1919, from her home town of East Sparta, Ohio, innocent as the boob unborn and just turned 16. A woman in the lobby of a hotel, struck by her girlish beauty, had made her acquaintance and introduced her to the wealthy Mr. Seligman, an international banker, well into his sixties. International bankers are geniuses who induce Americans to invest in European bonds. It used to be a very profitable profession.

The slightly mature banker had wooed and won her right away and promised to marry her as soon as he could find time. Also he agreed to provide jewelry, cash, furs and the other things that warm a young woman's heart in a cold world.

For several years, including the Great Neck "souse party" episode, he had made good on the mere financial end of things, but postponed the matrimony. Finally he told her that now, being nearly 70, he thought he was a bit old for such happiness, and to soothe her broken heart, promised $1,000 a month for 100 consecutive months. As the blackface comedians say, "Dat's some'p'n," and Kittens felt better. A kitten could buy herself a nice home for $100,000.

As an added consolation he introduced, with his blessing, Henry Clews, 3d. Henry was really eager to marry her, and being a member of a bigger and better known banking family, she was told, as well as her own age, he looked like a better matrimonial bet.

At this pleasant set-up the "Kitten" almost purred—at least, she says, she accepted it in good faith only to find that she had been stuck. The Seligman checks stopped after less than $7,000 had been paid, and as a husband, Henry turned out to be what might be called in Wall Street "a bum delivery." He was willing enough to marry, but his family, for some reason, thought Kittens a doubtful investment and forbade the bans. This was the cause of that tearful parting scene at the dock.

Kittens was all packed up, ready to go with him, on the expectation that his mother's secretary would be at the pier with $3,000 to pay their way over. Instead appeared two stony-hearted private detectives with the bad news that while his own passage had been paid for, there would be not a cent for Kittens or any other luxuries till he met his father on the other side. She is not the first nice kitty that has been left meowing on the dock while the heartless family went to Europe.

It is not customary for the betrayed and broken-hearted woman in a breach-of-promise suit to marry someone else until she has gotten her heart-balm or lost the case. Kittens, however, cares little for conventions and sued, though she was the wife of Brody. The banker denied that there had been any misrepresentations or that he had given her any mortgage on his elderly heart and hand. It was not denied that he had helped her a little, paying the rent and buying a few trinkets such as fur coats and acting as her protector and advisor in the wicked city, but he was quite positive that there had been no intimacy. The marrying idea had been hers, not his, and everything on his part had been purely fatherly and platonic. Among other discrepancies in her story, he dug up a birth certificate indicating that this kitten was 19, when he met her, not 16.

The husband of a woman who is telling the world how the previous man betrayed and broke her heart, so that she will never be happy again, and therefore ought to pay huge damages is in a humiliating position. Mr. Brody ought to have painted a portrait of himself reflecting some of his mixed emotions as he read his wife's testimony. But perhaps it is one of those pictures no artist can paint. He stood by her loyally till she finally dropped the case after the thirty-first postponement.

Then, the other day, a friend found Brody, with slashed wrists, bleeding to death in his New York studio. It was not from the claws of his kitten, but a razor blade, wielded by himself. He was rushed to a hospital and for the third time rescued from an untimely grave. His comment was:

"We shall always be friends, I hope, but Vera is impossible to live with as man and wife."

That remark, after two suicide attempts while he was her husband, rubbed the "Kitten's" fur the wrong way and caused a divorce report. A wealthy Chicago man is said to be impatiently awaiting that happy event. A kitten is supposed to have nine lives and to be entitled to at least that many matings. It is said that Brody also will take another chance, but not with the same Kitten.

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London's Indoor Working Girls Find Health Rowing on the Thames

"The Cecil Ladies' Rowing Eight" on the Thames, Practising for One of the Many Regattas That Keep Up Interest in the Healthful Exercise.

Rowing Team of Girls, Celebrating Victory Over Another Club by Cheering the Defeated Eight.

LONDON.

ABOUT a year ago, the girls of one of the city's largest department stores formed a rowing club and attracted a great deal of attention when they donned their sweaters and shorts and pulled up and down the Thames in their four-oared and eight-oared shells.

A few prudish individuals protested that it was unladylike, if not indecent, for girls dressed in the abbreviated togs of oarsmen to take their exercise so publicly, and under the eyes of thousands of people who watched them from bridges and from points of vantage along the river bank.

One or two prominent physicians emphatically expressed the opinion that the girls should be restrained from their rowing because they would, naturally, go in for races requiring an expenditure of energy beyond their strength. Rowing, they pointed out, is bad enough for husky young men, but much too strenuous a sport for the fair sex.

No good and no health, they warned, could come of it.

But the working girls smiled at this criticism and went on with their frequent workouts in their light racing craft. They enlisted the support of Tom Green, the best known expert on rowing in the British Empire, who declared that there is no reason why women shouldn't indulge in rowing, one of the most enjoyable and healthful of sports.

Several doctors and physical trainers examined the oarswomen after some of their more spirited workouts on the Thames and issued statements to the newspapers that they found no sign of undue strain on the heart. The girls, these statements said, were, on the contrary, in excellent condition.

The wide publicity given the matter interested other girls in rowing as a form of relaxation from work and a means of acquiring health and vigor. Today there are more than 40 officially recognized girls' rowing clubs in London. Many of these organizations have their own clubhouses and coaches who prepare the members for the sport by putting them through a course of training at rowing machines before they permit them to pull an oar in a four-oared, or an eight-oared shell.

Almost every afternoon, Summer or Winter, a dozen or more feminine crews may be seen pulling up or down the river. And on a week end this number is more than doubled, with the winding course of the stream dotted with shells for a distance of fifteen or twenty miles.

A Group of Oarswomen, Members of the River Lea Rowing Club, Made Up of Office Girls Who Work in London.

Weekly races are staged, some of them on the very same course over which the Oxford and Cambridge crews race every year. The girls do not attempt to compete over the full four-mile stretch, however, and seldom engage in races of more than two miles.

The best of the girl crews represents the Isthmian Club, which is sending the pick of its feminine athletes, with a specially designed and constructed racing shell, to the next Olympic games to be held in the United States this Summer.

Tom Green, and other veteran coaches who have been turning out men racing crews for many years, predict that this team will defeat the best girls' crews which Germany sent to England last Summer.

It is estimated that least 2000 London working girls—stenographers, clerks, waitresses and girls in various other jobs—have taken up rowing in a serious way, not with a view to winning races, but for enjoying themselves cheaply and building strength and health while they play.

So far, every one of the girl crews has been trained by men, but before another year is up it is expected that some of the clubs will have women trainers who have proved their ability at the oars.

Rowing is, of course, no fun for a girl who lacks the size and strength to pull an oar. The average weight of London's "water-women," as they are sometimes called, is 140 pounds. This is about 40 pounds lighter than the average college oarsman.

The most enthusiastic of the girls do not believe that one of their teams can, for a long time, hope to match their strength and skill with a trained crew of men. The waterwomen are, however, getting faster all the time and they think it is possible that a crew, averaging 175 pounds or more, may some day be formed and may set up a record which will compare favorably with the marks made by husky male crews.

Ancient American Art Stirs Europe

A Clay Figure, With Strong Facial Character, Found in Peru, and Thought to Be a Product of the Incas. The Strange Headgear Is Interesting German Scientists.

Emphasized Wrinkles Feature This Likeness of an Old Man, Found Among Incan Ruins at Trujillo, Peru.

Colima, Mexico, Yielded This Ancient Vase, an Effigy of an Acrobat.

BERLIN.

ARCHEOLOGISTS and art lovers have been flocking to the Academy of Arts to study and marvel at the first big exhibit of ancient American art brought to Europe.

The valuable collection, which will be shown in other European cities before it is taken back to America, includes ancient ceremonial masks and vases from Mexico, sculptured heads and figurines from Peru, and assorted evidence of Mayan and Incan culture from old ruins in Guatemala and Yucatan.

Most of the people who have looked on these relics from the Western Hemisphere did not realize that the New World has an artistic tradition that goes back centuries before the first white men set foot on American soil. They were surprised to learn that, in what is now Central and South America, there was a well ordered civilization which probably was contemporary with the civilization of ancient Egypt.

In fact more than one visitor to the traveling exhibit has remarked the striking similarity between some of the pieces of old Incan and Mayan art and certain objects fashioned by the artisans of Egypt more than 3000 years ago.

A Ceremonial Mask From Colima, Mexico, One of the Most Curious of Ancient American Relics on View at the Berlin Academy of Arts.

"The Laughing Gnome," Is What the Museum Curators Call This Figure Made Before the Time of the Aztecs, According to Archeological Experts.

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTOS.

Miss Enriquetta Pena, of Laredo, Texas, Holding the Five-Pound Lemon Grown by Dr. John T. Halsell.

TEXAS COMMERCIAL NEWS PHOTO

Year's Biggest Lemon Weighs 5 Pounds

THE good luck and the distinction of raising the largest lemon of the current season's crop goes to Dr. John T. Halsell, of Laredo, Texas. This abnormally big and heavy fruit—shown in the photograph at the left—could supply the juice for enough lemonade for a party of 50 persons.

During the first few weeks of the growing season, the champion lemon did not look much different from its fellows on the same tree. Then it began to take on size and weight and it would have broken off its stem if a special framework had not been erected to support it. When it was picked with the rest of the lemons on the same tree—none of which was of unusual size—it tipped the scales at five pounds.

The tree on which this oversize fruit grew was imported from Mexico and so was the young woman who is holding it in her hands. Her name is Senorita Enriquetta Pena and she insists that the credit for the prize lemon really belongs of her native land.

Is the Lord Mayor's House Really Haunted?

LONDON.

ENGLAND probably has more "haunted houses" to the square mile than any other country in the world. These range from musty old castles to simple cottages—and now they include the historic Mansion House, the official residence of London's Lord Mayor.

Sometimes, and always between midnight and dawn, strange and upsetting sounds are heard in the rooms and halls of the dwelling. These noises so disturbed the Lord Mayor's wife recently that she spent a sleepless night and was unable to attend a dinner given by the London Rifle Brigade.

An official member of the Lord Mayor's family describes the sounds as "deep groans, long, drawn-out sighs and choking and gurgling sounds as though some dying person were fighting for breath. Also an occasional shrill and staccato note, like the high-pitched voice of a woman crying out in sharp pain."

The Lord Mayor himself scoffs at the idea that ghosts share Mansion House with him and his wife.

"Probably the sounds are caused by shrinkage in some of the old woodwork," he said, adding that "sometimes, in the dark, one could easily imagine the noises due to less natural causes."

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Science Studying 3-Months-Old Babies For New Light on Childhood

Girls Learn to Talk Sooner Than Boys; a Grown-Up's Temper Is Never Worse Than It Was at Three Years Old; Sight of Food Is the First Thing That Makes a Baby Laugh; Most Restless Between 5 and 6 in the Morning, and Youngsters of the Poor Behave Better Than Those of the Rich

Mamma Looks At Her Two Months Old Baby With Adoring Eyes and Fondly Imagines That the Infant Sees and Perhaps Recognizes Her Face.

But Science Now Knows That the Eyes of the Baby Can See Nothing of Its Mother's Features, But Vaguely Note Only the Glare and Reflected Light From the Glasses, Barrette, Necklace or Any Other Brightly Shining Adornment, and Science Is Trying to Find Out Just What Happens in a Baby's Brain to Make It At Last See Correctly.

One of the 100 Young Cleveland Mothers, Who Have Pledged Their Babies to Scientific Study for 5 Years, Looking On While Dr. W. M. Krogman, of Western Reserve University, Takes the Measurements of Her 3 Months' Old Little Girl.

In a Temper—and Even His Full Bottle Does Not Matter. Science Now Asserts That No One Can Ever Get "Madder" Than He or She Did When Three Years Old.

Photograph of One of the Interesting Experiments of Dr. Watson on Infants. He Found That They Were Not Afraid of Grotesque Masks Unless He Shouted "Boo" At Them At the Same Time.

One of the Most Interesting Experiments Deals With What It Is That Arouses a Baby's Curiosity, and the Child's Future Mentality and Character Are Likely to Be Foreshadowed by Its Choice of Various Objects in Babyhood.

THE earlier you discover symptoms of disease, the better off the patient is in treating it and preventing serious developments. And science now knows that this same rule applies to babies.

Until recently, babies were allowed to just grow, like Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and not much attention was paid to them unless something went wrong with the infant. At about the age of five or six years, when boys and girls made their first appearance at school, the scientists began to take their measurements and prepare health charts. But now all this has changed. Psychologists, physiologists, sociologists and a dozen other kinds of scientific gentry have discovered in the actions of babies a few days or a few months old some most valuable information.

Many unsuspected things have come to light, and also some things which were suspected but not proved, and some which are entirely contrary to grandma's notions.

For example, many believe that women talk more than men. It has been found that girl babies, certainly talk more than boy babies, and begin to talk on the average about a month earlier.

A grown-up never becomes angrier than he was when three years old. At the age of three, the average person "gets as mad" as he ever can. Later years may mellow him or her and decrease the temper, but it will not increase it. Everybody's temper seems to grow up to three years, and then, like Peter Pan, never gets any older.

What makes people laugh is a problem which means bread and butter to comedians, comic editors and the like. But there is no doubt about what makes a baby laugh. The very first laugh that the human being gives is caused by the sight of food. A baby will laugh at food at the age of seven weeks. It will laugh for nothing else until three weeks later.

Fathers and mothers speak about "walking all night with the baby." If they do, then there is something wrong with the child. As a matter of fact, the average baby sleeps soundly all night until about 5 or 6 in the morning. At that time nature seems to ring a hunger alarm bell.

These are only a few of the interesting things scientists have discovered, and it has made them eager to find out more, so all over the country nursery schools, child clinics and similar institutions have been organized by physicians and educators; partly to help better the health and education of the children themselves, but also for the sake of the scientific information which studies of the children can yield.

In Western Reserve University, at Cleveland, Ohio, for example, one hundred babies three months old or less have been selected in suitable Cleveland families and will be studied for at least five years by scientists of the Charles F. Brush Foundation, organized for the study of human improvement. Every six months, or at shorter intervals, the mothers of these selected infants will bring their children to the Foundation's laboratories for thorough physical and mental examination. Rates of growth will be studied in their relation to food, weather, children's diseases and other vicissitudes of childhood.

What probably will be much more important, the mental growth of the hundred babies will be studied also. Psychologists believe that even the brain structure of babies is not quite complete at birth. A fond mother, for example, thinks her two or three weeks' old baby recognizes her. The baby doesn't see her face at all. It only sees her glasses or ornaments or something else that glitters. Gradually, new connections must be made inside the infant brain. New habits must be learned. Nerves and muscles must be trained to work together as perfectly as will be necessary in later life. Ordinary people call these things the learning of the child to observe, to move and eat and talk and walk. Psychologists see in them things much deeper and more complicated; related to the whole mystery of the nature of mind and thought.

Results of the Cleveland experiment will not be available, of course, for several years; probably for even longer than the five years which the experiment is designed to last. No one attempts to foresee just what the Cleveland scientists will discover as to the ways that minds and bodies of babies grow and develop.

Meanwhile other scientists of distinction, both in the United States and abroad, are studying other babies and reaching conclusions of importance. At the University of Toronto, in Canada, Professor W. E. Blatz has come to believe so strongly in the importance of the first years of life in forming character that he advocates the beginning of school for babies at two years old instead of at the conventional five or six.

In the laboratories of the Chicago Institute for Juvenile Research, Dr. Isaac A. Abt and several associates have studied the dates of first talking and first walking among one thousand children, equally divided between boys and girls. It was there that it was discovered that girls begin to talk earlier than boys do; the feminine average for the first words being at the age of eighteen months, while the average boys do not talk much before nineteen months. Babies differ enormously among themselves, however, in the ages when they begin to talk. Among Dr. Abt's group of one thousand, there was one child who talked when only six months old and another who began talking only at the age of five years.

The age at which children first begin to walk also is highly variable. Some of Dr. Abt's girl subjects were walking as early as seven months of age while others failed to walk until they were nearly five years old. Some boys also walked at seven months, while others delayed until more than four years. The average age at which the thousand children began walking, Dr. Abt found, was sixteen months. On the average, therefore, a child apparently begins to walk one or two months before it begins talking.

In a similar child clinic at the University of Minnesota, Professor Cathryn A. Probst made the interesting experiment of discovering what facts are known to children who never have been at school. In spite of the fact that horses no longer are common, every child knew that horses have four legs each. Every child was well acquainted, also, with the fact that scissors are used to cut cloth.

More surprising were some of the childish ignorances. Few of the children knew, for example, the details of the story of Cinderella. Still fewer knew how many wings are on a butterfly. Some of them believed, Professor Probst reports, that a carpenter is a man who fixes carpet sweepers, that buttermilk is produced by butterflies, that a plumber is a man who gathers plums and that baking powder is used by women on their faces.

Much more than a joke, Professor Probst and other experts believe, lies behind mistakes like this. What goes on in the mind of a young child is a mystery to parents and teachers alike. Nevertheless, it is an important mystery. These children will be the citizens and workers and leaders of another generation. Some accidental childish mistake about the meanings of things may damage forever the thinking ability or even the moral character of that individual. Nothing could be more important to the future of human society than the present efforts really to understand what goes on inside the baby mind and to direct this, so far as is possible, for the benefit of the growing individual and of the society to which that individual must belong.

Significant data along this line were discovered, for example, by Professor George H. Green of the University College of Wales, in Great Britain, who reported not long ago in London his studies of the sources of prejudice among young school children in Wales.

These Welsh children, he found, hate Germans and fear Chinese. The German prejudice was easy to trace, being a result of the intensive anti-German propaganda during the Great War. The Chinese prejudice was not so easy to locate, but finally was run down to the showing of motion pictures.

Such childhood prejudice lie much deeper in the adult mind, psychologists believe, than reasonable theories or conclusions which these same individuals may acquire later on. This is why the modern students of babies are paying so much attention to emotional reactions, rather than to what might be called signs of budding intelligence, like the ability to talk.

In Professor Blatz's clinic at Toronto, for example, studies have been made of the development of anger in children. One distinguished American psychologist, Dr. John B. Watson, discovered a number of years ago that very young babies seem to experience only two powerful emotions. One of these is fear, which usually is produced by any loud, unknown noise. The other is anger, which Dr. Watson found to be produced by any form of restraint, like holding a baby so that it cannot move its arms or legs as it desires.

Tracing this tendency to "get mad" during the succeeding months of life, Professor Blatz finds that the tendency increases gradually until a child is about three years old. The same irritation makes the child madder and madder up to about this age. At three years of age the average person gets as "mad" over something as he ever will be able to get all the rest of his life. Between three years old and five years old, the data show, the average child slackens somewhat in its ability to get angry.

In the average individual, no doubt, the tendency to "get mad" still further decreases with increasing age, so that the majority of modern adults have their tempers more or less under control. People who fail to get this control over their own anger probably are those individuals whose mental development does not continue normally beyond about three years of age but who remain emotionally in about that same condition. Their tempers never get older than about three years, no matter how old the rest of the mind and body may be.

At the University of Birmingham, in England, Professor C. W. Valentine has studied the opposite kind of emotional reactions in babies—the things that make babies laugh. The first laughs of the children studied, appeared at about the age of seven weeks and were caused by pleasure at the sight of food.

The next thing that seemed to start the baby's laughter was imitation of the laughter of the parents. This happens, on the average, when a baby is about ten weeks old. At about this same time tickling of the baby is likely to cause laughter. Two or three weeks later in life a baby begins to be pleased and amused by any bright object. Only when the baby is eighteen or twenty weeks old does there appear what psychologists believe to be the main cause of adult laughter—the effect of some simple and painless shock of surprise.

Another interesting result of recent studies of babies will come as a surprise to many parents. At Ohio State University, in Columbus, Professor Orvis C. Irwin, has recorded every muscular movement of very young babies, watched hour by hour by relays of students of child psychology.

Professor Irwin's students also reported the activity of the babies at different hours of the twenty-four. The average young father probably imagines that babies are most active late at night when the rest of the family wants to sleep. Professor Irwin finds that this is not true. Instead, the greatest daily average of bodily activity, restlessness and sleeplessness comes between five and six o'clock in the morning, preceding the six-o'clock breakfast which is usual for young babies.

Some of the most surprising results of the recent studies of youngsters are those obtained at Columbia University in New York City, by Dr. Marie A. Tilson. Studying reports of child behavior from seven child clinics in different parts of the United States, Dr. Tilson has examined the relation between good homes and good behavior. Contrary to what almost everyone would imagine, the children from first-class homes and middle-class homes are not found to be at all free from faults of behavior, bad emotional reaction and so on, as are the children from poorer homes. So far as the formation of the baby's character is concerned, a home somewhat below the average of wealth and comfort seems actually to be better than a home above this average.

This shows one set of common ideas about babies which turns out to be wrong. Probably many other of the beliefs by which average young Americans now are reared will need to be abandoned or modified as the scientists' studies of babies go on.

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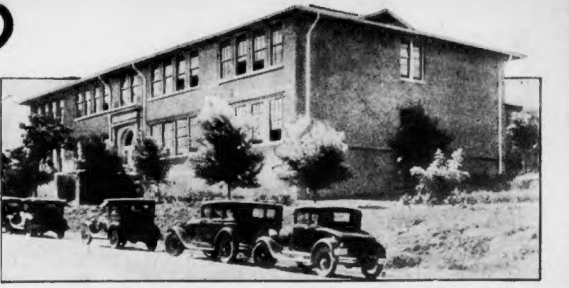
Mostly "Educated Fools"?

President Bowden, of a State Teachers' College, Sends Out a List of Questions and Finds Most People (Including His Teachers) Believe the Same Superstitions and Childish Nonsense That Was Believed in the Dark Ages



One of the Buildings at the New Mexico State Teachers' College, Silver City, N. M.

A COLLEGE education does not necessarily produce intelligent graduates—there are many "educated fools." If the teachers themselves do not have intelligent brains, how can their pupils be expected to have greater intelligence than those who instruct them?

Professor A. O. Bowden, president of the New Mexico State Teachers' College, pondering this problem. He is at the head of an institution which trains teachers to train the minds of students. He had been faced with many evidences that the teachers his institution was training still held to beliefs in myths and magic and popular but false beliefs which ought not to clutter their minds. How much more intelligent were the trained teachers than the average man and woman who had little or no education? President Bowden set himself to the task of finding out.

Dr. A. O. Bowden, President, State Teachers' College of New Mexico.

A questionnaire was prepared and the blanks were sent out to many hundred of the "common population" and to trained teachers. The questions to be answered covered many of the common fallacies which are widely believed. Some dealt with magic, others with morals, others with medicine, politics, education. The blanks were mailed to people all the way from New Hampshire to California, and from States along the borderline of Canada down to Texas.

Elsewhere on this page are some of the questions and the percentage of "yes" answers received from the average American citizen and from the teachers who have been graduated as qualified to teach American students. The astonishing outstanding fact is that almost as many of the teachers believed the widespread popular notions that are not true as those who had not had the benefit of educational training.

At the recent meeting of the Society for the Advancement of Science, in New Orleans, President Bowden read a paper summarizing the results of his interesting investigations of general intelligence of the American public and the almost equal lack of intelligence of the trained minds which are graduated from the teachers' colleges.

"We hear on every side expressions that many people believe or act as though they believe such fallacious ideas as that storms, floods, hurricanes, tornadoes are sent upon people as punishment for their sins," Professor Bowden said. "We begin to wonder what the actual state of mind in our social and natural environment is to cause people to believe in such fallacies. When we meet in our humdrum work-a-day world people who believe that sties may be removed by saying:

> Sty, sty, leave my eye,
> Take the first one passing by,

we question whether we are so civilized or so well educated as we love to think. In fact, if such beliefs are so prevalent as some say, we are puzzled when we consider the universality of our educational system."

President Bowden then states that they were face to face with the distressing fact that "the effects of our educational efforts are evidently not what we had been led to believe. Not all mental effort is scientific—much of it is magical. How much and what are some of the magical beliefs among the common people and also among the teachers of the young of our nation?"

Professor Bowden then goes on to point out that the value of a trained mind is to be able to find out the facts of Nature and man, whereas magic is fallacious reasoning based upon false assumption of relationships which are not proved to exist between cause and effect. When he speaks of magic, he explains that he includes superstition, astrology, incantation, the use of ritual, necromancy, and all such operations which man employs but does not really understand, though he uses them in an effort to accomplish or interpret results. Under the term "magic" he includes sorcery, fate, destiny, palmistry, conjuration, adjuration, the practice of taking oaths, making sacred vows, crossing the heart, knocking on wood, bringing down a curse on one, enchantment and the like. And the great and fundamental difference between science and magic, he remarks, is that science proceeds to test out assumptions by research and experimentations, while magic bases its procedure upon assumptions which have little or no foundation in fact and no effort is made to find out what the real facts may be.

The Majority of People Accept the Old Idea That Certain Men and Women Are Naturally "Made for Each Other" in the Matter of Marriage. Science Denies There Is Any Basis for This Belief.

Among the chief objectives of education is to train the mind into habits of acquiring information and to learn to distinguish between fallacies and facts that have been proved.

After the question blanks had come in and the answers had been studied, Professor Bowden makes these comments:

"Magical thinking is about equal between the sexes; that is, there is about the same amount among men as among women. It is slightly greater among the women, probably because they are not so accustomed to meeting the hard facts of reality in the business world as are the men."

As there were 104 different occupations represented by those who signed the answers, it appears that the social status as represented by occupations and the occupations themselves have little or no influence on this wrong-headed kind of thinking.

President Bowden states that the average number of years spent in school by the "common population" is about eight, while among the teachers it is about thirteen. Education and training, therefore, are not of little or no value in driving out from the modern mind the false beliefs and notions which have come down to us from the Dark Ages, he points out.

It is almost unbelievable, for example, that 75 per cent of teachers should suppose that beautiful pictures or fine music or other aesthetic surroundings tend to make people moral and well-behaved, yet, such is what President Bowden's figures show. Even education, every observer of mankind has known for generations, cannot make people either good or bad, nor does education or art necessarily stimulate high moral principles. Education and aesthetics are by no means unknown in any community, and often they are the most dangerous of all. A highly developed sense of beauty or a wonderful appreciation of music may be accompanied by the most degraded personal character.

Another of the myths that both teachers and the general public seem to cling to strongly is that the American people, whether or not they know anything about a subject, will reach somehow or other the correct conclusion about it. Here President Bowden's figures certainly are not wrong, for the workings of this popular delusion are to be seen everywhere.

This is the basis of the usual habit of leaving so many matters of great public importance to be decided by popular vote instead of by experts. There is much practical justification, of course, for allowing things to come to a vote on matters of controversial interest to mankind, since this is probably the only way that all private and special interests can be cancelled out so that they do not affect the decision. Yet, on matters like the disposition of the great power plant at Muscle Shoals, built by government money during the war and never used, or like the Government's policies for the development of water power or the utilization of deposits of coal, iron or other minerals, the judgment of a half dozen competent engineers is worth the votes of all the plain people in America.

Another familiar popular delusion which President Bowden's figures disclose to be shared by teachers as well, is that whatever happens to business is to be blamed chiefly on public officials and on the political party in power. Everyone knows that administrations at Washington and in the capitals of the several States are more likely to be turned out or put in on the ground of hard times or good times than on all other grounds put together. Yet no competent student of either politics or economics believes that the policies of an administration or the personality of a chief executive, influences, except in very slight degree, what happens to business in this country or in the world.

The general public may be forgiven, perhaps, for believing the assertions of the political party that is not in power to the effect that hard times have been caused by the party which is. It is true, too, that one group of politicians may meet hard times or other emergencies more skilfully and firmly than another group. Yet it would be expected that teachers, whose training must have included courses in history, civics and similar subjects, would know better than to attribute all changes to officials and would score higher than the general public. The only possible explanation of this and other delusions among the teachers is that they have forgotten what they were taught while they were being trained and have accepted instead the myths and delusions of the relatively uneducated people around them.

One might imagine that nearly everybody would have learned by now, as the result of bitter experience, that hard work, good health, education and similar things do not guarantee success. Yet exactly two thirds of the public and nearly an equal proportion of the teachers believe this obvious falsehood. Here, surely, is the height of American optimism gone wrong.

Teachers certainly should know better than this, for one of the chief efforts of philosophy for many centuries has been to find some explanation for the problem of evil. A chief part of this problem is the admitted fact that what happens to men and women often is not what should happen on a basis of strict justice. Too often the wicked flourish and the good come to grief; something which no philosopher ever has been able to explain to the satisfaction of his philosophical colleagues. The Christian idea, of course, is that such undeserved adversity is intended as training for the soul of the victim; a solution of the problem which surely must be known to every teacher on President Bowden's list. Yet two-thirds of them ignore this, and assume that the problem of evil does not exist; that the truth is that "everything will come out all right in the end." There could be no better proof that nearly two-thirds of the teachers never really think.

Many Scientific Tests Have Been Made, but Nothing Has Ever Been Discovered to Sustain the Popular Notion That "Mental Messages" Can Be Sent Through Space From One Person to Another.

Another astonishing thing is that forty-one per cent of the teachers still believe in mental telepathy. There exists, it is true, no absolute scientific disproof of this phenomenon. Yet thousands of scientific men for many years have tried with all possible skill and diligence to get some evidence that thoughts can be transferred in some other way than by ordinary channels like speech or writing. Not a bit of such real evidence has been found.

The general public might be excused for not knowing this, since the majority of the scientific reports are buried in technical literature of psychology and other subjects, and seldom have been repeated in popular form. The general public, furthermore, sees in theatres and similar places many astonishing and apparently convincing demonstrations of what is called "thought transference." Teachers, however, should have been taught in school that these demonstrations are merely examples of stage magic, and that thought transference, if it exists at all, still is entirely unproved.

It is probable, of course, that would-be teachers are taught all this, both in President Bowden's school and in the other teachers' colleges of the country. Once more, what probably happens is that the teachers forget what they are taught and absorb instead the beliefs of the people around them.

The delusion that fish is an especially good "brain food" happens to be one the origin of which can be traced. Two or three generations ago chemists discovered that there is a good deal of the element phosphorus in the brain. At about the same time other chemists decided that there is more than the usual percentage of this same element in fish. It was natural enough to put these two conclusions together and to decide that eating fish helps especially to feed the brain. Nowadays it is known that the brain is by no means the only organ of the body that needs ample supplies of phosphorus, also that this element is present in large amount in many kinds of food beside fish. Thus the linkage of fish food to the brain long has been exploded and this fact has been stated in textbooks of food science, chemistry and physiology for at least thirty years. Yet the former idea still persists strongly enough to be shared by nearly a third of the teachers.

Belief in the injurious qualities of night air probably is to be explained in a similar way. Once it was believed that night air caused malaria. Then it was discovered that the real cause of this disease is the bite of mosquitoes, injecting malarial germs into the blood. It happens, however, that some kinds of mosquitoes bite chiefly at night, so that the superstition about night air may have had for its real cause the unsuspected night-flying mosquitoes. Once more, however, there is no excuse for the superstition persisting among teachers, supposed to have been educated fully in the real cause of malaria as well as other diseases.

Thus teachers, who have been trained to teach the minds of youthful America, are revealed as having a low order of intelligence. Teachers come, of course, from the average levels of American families, and the distressing fact is the revelation that all their study and training seem to have done little or nothing to build up their general intelligence. They have learned to do problems in algebra and geometry, they can repeat the formulas in physics and chemistry and conjugate French and Latin verbs—but in ability to really do any thinking they are just about as stupid as their pupils.

It Is Widely Believed That Babies Are Born With a Conscience—but There Is No Basis for Any Such Belief.

Dr. A. O. Bowden, who sent out the questionnaire to find out how intelligent the American public and the teachers really are, is a man of high standing in the educational world. Dr. Bowden, who is a graduate of Harvard and received his Ph. D. at Columbia, has had wide experience in school work and has written many books on educational topics. The results of his recent tests of general intelligence will be published soon in book form.

And while Professor Bowden was conducting his questionnaire and summarizing his conclusions, another well-known American scientist published an interesting volume with much the same conclusions. In his book, "The Jungle of the Mind," Professor Edgar James Swift, of the Department of Psychology, Washington University, St. Louis, sadly asks the question if human beings are capable of doing real thinking.

Professor Swift relates a significant instance of the foggy condition of most people's minds and the evident bunk which surrounds much of the magical or mystical high priests of "advanced thought." In the course of an experiment by the Society for Testing Human Credulity, four members got together and prepared a soulful paper, written in words as obscure and meaningless as its writers could possibly make it. Each member contributed his part to the nonsensical monstrosity without knowing anything about what the others had written. And a fifth member soldered together with meaningless phrases these four independent contributions.

This ludicrous article, which seemed to say something but was absolutely meaningless, was accepted by a magazine called "The Spiritual Scientist." Some of the paragraphs in this masterpiece of nonsense read as follows:

"From the ultimate essence have sprung or evolved the countless varieties and concatenations of force and matter, all interdependent and all cognate with the unknown centre."

"Many are conversant with the Nilotic liturgical formulas, but a knowledge of the esoteric religious ideas within these, as symbolic manifestations, is confined to a remarkably small circle."

"The lowest life is the microcosmic bud, and is self-locked, seeing naught, knowing naught of its illusive environment; the higher life, the microcosmic flower, he it of the beast or of the swarming millions of men, dimly sees and knows itself and the other self; but, purblind, reckons these the end-all and the be-all, here and now, as well as yonder and forever."

The article was printed and favorably reviewed in editorials in many occult magazines. It was discussed at meetings of theosophists and spiritualists, and phrases taken from its meaningless jargon were used in framing constitutions and by-laws.

Commenting on this extraordinary achievement of the Society for Testing Human Credulity, Professor Swift writes:

"The whole thing was intended as a huge joke. Yet it was taken seriously; and those who took it seriously were not the so-called uneducated people. Indeed, to one following the popular delusions it becomes increasingly evident that the deluded are drawn from those who have had educational opportunities."

Is There Anybody Who Has Not Heard the Solemn Assertion That "Fish Is the Best Brain Food?" This Is One of Those Half-Truths That Lives on Among the Ignorant; but Teachers Ought to Know Better.

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Professor Bowden's Interesting Questionnaire.

	Percentage of Common Population Answering YES	Percentage of Trained Teachers
Do you believe that babies are born with a conscience which will tell them the right or wrong way to act?	34%	22%
Do you believe that there are individuals who can send mental messages through the air or in some way to another person?	34.5%	41%
Do you believe that certain men and women are naturally made for each other in the matter of marriage?	62%	58%
Do you believe that children are born with some power of reason which, if not hindered, will lead them to think correctly or act rightly?	61%	50%
Do you believe that beautiful pictures or fine music in the home or school will make people moral or virtuous?	85%	75%
Do you believe that fish is a better brain food than bacon?	59%	32%
Do you believe that night air is injurious to people, particularly to those who are weak or not well?	69%	40%
Do you believe that bathing is necessary to perfect health for one who is already in good health?	92%	96%
Do you believe that the great majority of American people, by reason of their innate ability to tell right from wrong, will naturally take the right side of any big public question in the state or nation when allowed to vote on it?	84%	79%
Do you believe that, in general, public officials cause bad or good times throughout the whole country?	67%	81%
If you have a good education, good health, work hard, and be morally right, do you think there is some force or power that will inevitably make things come out right for you in any situation?	66%	62%
Do you believe that there is some force or power in the nature of people and the world that makes history repeat itself?	76%	80%
Do you believe any of the sacred or other writings were inspired by some divine spirit?	65%	78%
Many people in many parts of the world frequently pray for rain or for a change of weather or for health of sick persons. Do you believe these prayers ever have any influence?	76%	78%
Average who answered "YES"	66.46%	62.28%

QUESTIONS TO TEACHERS ONLY.

Do you believe if students are only shown the truth, that they will find their own way?	66%
Do you believe that each child in modern civilization re-lives all the stages of primitive society?	60%

Newest in Medicine and Surgery Provided for Animals

Pussy, Fido, Bossy, Dobbin and Animals in the Zoo Now Have the Benefit of X-Ray Examinations and Anesthetics Like the Rest of Us

As the Lion Passed Into His Sleep From the Anesthetic, He Wore an Expression of Utter Wretchedness Which He Still Maintains, Although Now Completely Insensible to Pain.

This Valuable White Pelican Had Swallowed a Fish Hook and the Bird Yields Without a Struggle to the Surgeons and Assistants, Perhaps Realizing That He Is in Friendly Hands.

Drawing Out the Accumulated Pus From an Ulcerated Jaw. It Is Not Necessary to Chain Up This Intelligent Animal. He Lifts His Trunk Up Out of the Way and Holds His Head Still, Understanding Perfectly Well That the Surgeon Is Working to Help Him, and if the Syringe Pricks and Hurts a Little He Makes No Complaint.

THE discoveries of modern science are being applied to man's friends and servants in the animal world. Pussy, Fido, Bossy, Dobbin and even the snarling wild creatures of the zoo now have the benefit of the X-ray to diagnose ailments, and the comforts of anesthetics to ease the pain of surgery.

The veterinary schools in the University of Pennsylvania and the Iowa State College are now well outfitted with modern hospital appliances, and so are some of the institutions in Europe which take care of sick animals. X-ray machines and the fluoroscope, which enables the doctor to look into the animal's insides, are expensive equipment, and some of the appliances require special construction to fill the requirements of the examination of animals. A few of the zoos in the larger cities also have modern equipment for diagnosis of the ills of the strange assortment of wild creatures in the cages.

Veterinarians have found that the beasts are very similar to humans in their reactions while undergoing operations. Some of them "object" more justly than others, and, when going under ether or gas, many of them retain their snarling expressions even when they are past the point of feeling pain. The main difference between human and animal sufferers, and one which is extremely gratifying to the surgeons who operate on the latter, is that even the elephant—the most intelligent of animal patients—cannot tell his doctor where he thinks he has made a mistake, nor can he bore his friends with the tiresome details of his operation.

Close-up of Mr. Bruin, Showing the Grip With the Twisted Rope on His Upper Jaw While Another Rope Holds Open His Lower Jaw as the Dentist Prepares to Pull the Bear's Ulcerated Tooth.

Complete View of Mr. Bear on His Back With All Four Legs Lashed Tight and His Jaws Held Apart, While the Zoo Surgeon Splits the Tooth Preparatory to Drawing It Out in Pieces. This Is Not a Very Severe Operation and the Bear Has Been Etherized.

This Astonished Bull Stands Patiently While the Doctor Takes an X-Ray of the Front Left Leg to Find Out What Is Causing the Pain and Swelling.

One great advantage gained by the use of the rays is the merciful protection and treatment it allows the veterinarian to give to animals. Diseases, such as tumor of the bone, which, without the X-ray, cannot be recognized until they become so malignant as to cause endless suffering and eventually death to the animal, are now checked and cured at an early stage.

Many animals, never having read that it is best to chew all food thirty-two times, are accustomed to bolt their food and then find out what they have eaten afterward. So they often wake "the morning after" to find that something is pricking them inside. In the old days it was very difficult to find out just what the matter might be. Now, however, a few well-chosen moos, barks, or similar animal noises, will bring a scientifically equipped veterinarian to their sides.

He soothes the ailing one, while leading it to the operating room, where it is strapped securely to an X-ray machine. From this hangs an opalescent glass screen, which is placed against the animal's body. This is called the fluoroscope and has advantages in some ways over the X-ray negative.

In the fluoroscope, rays, passing through the body of the patient, reflect the skeleton as a dark shadow on the screen, and the organs as a very light shadow. Thus the doctor is often enabled to see quite clearly whether his patient has something inside which would do more good outside.

The advantage of the fluoroscope over the X-ray photograph is that the interior of the animal is shown immediately. The doctor studies the picture which instantly appears on the screen and does not have to wait for the development of an X-ray plate. In addition, the veterinarian is able to operate on the animal under the fluoroscope, and at the same time see what is taking place as he works. This is especially helpful, as foreign substances have an annoying habit of wandering about the body after X-ray pictures have been taken; this tends to make an operation sometimes like a game of hide-and-seek, during which the patient may get tired of being a playground and depart for happier pastures.

One of the most dramatic incidents in connection with the use of the fluoroscope took place recently in Asbury Park, New Jersey. A young airedale, highly prized by its master, was brought into the office of a veterinary practitioner for examination.

Under the fluoroscope an open safety-pin was revealed, lodged in the dog's stomach. The veterinarian "put the dog to sleep," then pushed a metal tube, with a cloth tied to one end, down the patient's esophagus and into its stomach. By observing through the fluoroscope, the doctor was able to accomplish this without harm to the dog, and at the same time to direct the tube to a point as close to the pin as possible. An incision was then made in the belly of the animal, care was taken to avoid cutting the wall of the stomach, and the veterinarian inserted his hand.

By lightly pinching the stomach he was able to move the pin, so that it was held securely by his fingers through the stomach wall. Then the metal tube was brought in contact with the pin, and, by a series of manipulations, the latter attached to the cloth at the end of the tube.

The rest was simple. The tube was withdrawn from the animal's mouth, followed by the cloth, to which was attached the troublesome safety-pin. Thus a valuable animal's life was saved, and everyone satisfied.

So clearly can the internal machinery of an animal or bird be seen by means of the fluoroscope that when a hen was recently placed under it at the University of Pennsylvania, the observer at the screen could see a completely formed egg within, and study its movement out of the body.

The modern method of using the X-ray and the fluoroscope in diagnosis is of special interest to the owners of race horses. Some of these animals represent a large investment, and a wrong diagnosis and a blundering operation by a veternarian may prove costly for the owner of the horse.

Today, owners of some of the finest stables in the world have the legs of their thoroughbreds X-rayed before and after every race. The evidence of anything wrong in bone or ligament revealed by these photographs is sufficient reason for scratching the horse from the race.

Through the use of these tools of science the veterinary surgeon is able to do better work and is regarded with more respect by doctors and the owners of animals.

The whole tendency of the modern surgical and medical treatment of animals is to raise it to a level with that of humans. Roughness and brutality were once common, but it has now been learned that kindness, tact and "good bedside manner" are valuable adjuncts to the practitioner in the menagerie and the stable.

It has been found that intelligent and well-bred dogs will submit to rather painful operations without being bound or anesthetized when they have learnt that they will relieve their pain. One veterinary states he had to lance repeatedly a deep abscess under the shoulder of a bull-dog. The operation was painful, and, the first time, he tied the dog up. But when he was about to perform it a second time he found the dog holding up his paw in the proper position for the operation. He submitted to it without a growl.

Most animals submit to treatment better if the doctor talks to them sympathetically, and tells them what fine fellows they are, just as children. No animal will voluntarily endure as much pain as a dog, but they will submit to more handling from a doctor who wins their confidence than from another.

It is always difficult to treat animals for toothache, because the value of dental science is more beyond their comprehension than treatment for stomach-ache, for instance. A big brown bear in the Berlin zoo was suffering terribly from a broken tooth with an exposed nerve. Although ordinarily a good-natured animal, his temper when he had the toothache made him quite dangerous. He was roped, thrown on his back, and his hind and fore-legs bound. Then a rope was passed between his jaws and they were held apart.

After that ether was administered to save Bruin from further suffering and mental anguish.

Gently the Doctor Lifts the Collie's Sore Paw Onto the Photographic Plate Preparatory to Turning on the Spark in the X-Ray Machine Above.

The surgeon, armed with a pair of forceps two feet long and strong enough to open a water hydrant, seized the aching tooth. He and his assistant grasped the forceps with both hands and pulled out the tooth. The patient made a rapid recovery.

In undergoing medical and surgical treatment the animal enjoys the great advantage of not receiving a bill while he is recovering.

While it may be true that the animal cannot walk into a doctor's office and describe his symptoms, still his behavior and outcries will give an intelligent practitioner much information. The skillful doctor can tell the difference between a bad temper and a bad case of colic.

The domestic cat and the larger animals will not submit voluntarily to any kind of operation. It is necessary to tie the tigers and leopards very thoroughly before extracting a tooth or performing a simpler operation. The cat begins to growl and his fur stands on end as soon as the surgeon approaches him. Moreover, even when operated on skillfully under ether, the leopard nurses a grudge against the surgeon forever afterwards.

As long ago as 400 A. D. Publius Vegetius, a Roman scientist, published a book on the surgery of the domestic animals. But in the Middle Ages the science fell into a low state like the surgery of human; reliance was placed on spells and charms. Today animals receive the benefit of real surgical and medical science.

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While old-style desserts take an hour or more "to set"—

in 5 minutes

IT'S almost unbelievable that so delicious a dessert is so simple to prepare. Yet it's true—from package to table, Kre-Mel takes just about five minutes to serve.

With all the delicious appeal of Kre-Mel's four different flavors, this fine dessert is also a highly nutritious food...a food rich in Dextrose, the important element everyone, particularly the growing child, needs. In fact, Kre-Mel is doubly nutritious for children because milk is used in preparing it.

Despite its quality, wholesomeness and ease-of-preparation, Kre-Mel is surprisingly inexpensive—the most economical dessert of its kind you can buy. Each package contains four generous servings of this delightful dessert.

Ask your grocer to-morrow for Kre-Mel. The cost is so trifling that everyone can afford to try all four delicious flavors... Chocolate, Vanillin, Caramel and Coffee.

KRE-MEL

America's New Dessert

4 FLAVORS
CHOCOLATE
VANILLIN
CARAMEL
COFFEE

is ready to serve and eat!

Delicious · Wholesome · Economical ·

4 SERVINGS
per package
AT ALL GROCERS

From CHILDHOOD *to* OLD AGE

Two tablespoonfuls of Karo in a glass of milk *doubles* its energy value—as well as sweetening and making the milk more delicious.

All children like Karo spread on bread. It's one of the most wholesome foods they can eat.

Karo has been popular among goodcooks for many years. In cooking, preserving and candy making, Karo is a perfect sweetener.

Start the day with a good breakfast! Karo on pancakes is the nation's favorite breakfast.

Doctors recommend Karo for infant feeding. Ask your doctor to prescribe a formula of Karo and milk for your baby.

There's an abundance of Dextrose in Karo which makes this popular syrup one of the most nourishing foods you can serve.

Karo brings plenty of nourishment to active bodies

IN millions of homes, the delicious flavor of Karo Syrup is enjoyed every day. Yet many people who appreciate Karo do not realize the exceptional energy value of this popular syrup.

There is a large amount of Dextrose in Karo. As you know, Dextrose is the very important element which provides heat and energy to active bodies. Dextrose also is so easily assimilated by the system that it is really a pre-digested food. This makes Karo Syrup one of the most nutritious foods you can serve—it is a great source of natural energy.

So remember, whenever you serve Karo you are not only providing a rich, delicious syrup but helping build bodies of strength and energy.

Further, there are few foods of equal nutrition which cost so little as Karo. For twenty-five years, Karo has been the favorite syrup of the nation. For flavor—for nourishment—insist on Karo—the Great American Syrup.

Charmed by Her Butterfly Fan-Dance

Miss Georgia Graves, an American Girl, Starts a Revival of the Fan in Paris and Explains How to Use It Effectively

PARIS.

THE fan has come back as a love weapon. It used to be an almost irresistible one in Queen Victoria's day when men were men, wore fierce whiskers and could make ladies faint at their passionate glances.

Used as shield against those burning looks and also as a sword thrusting at the male heart, in the parlor love duels of that era, these delicate maidens' knew how to bring the whiskered and blazing-eyed men to their knees and then to the altar. But whiskers vanished, feminine fainting went out of style and with them the fan became obsolete, even in Spain. Peeping coyly over the top of a fan did not seem to go well with short skirts, bobbed hair and the modern "hey—you!" style of feminine approach.

An up-to-date maiden would no more think of pulling a fan on her boy friend than he would hope to impress her by growing a spade beard. But Paris now says that the girls have been overlooking something—that the fan is just as effective on the male of 1932 as ever it was on his hairy grandfather.

The new vogue was started by the butterfly fan dances of Miss Georgia Graves, an American girl, who has won her fame almost entirely in Europe. The critics rate her artistic efforts highly, but what is of more practical importance to women of Paris is her theory of the fan's power as a man-subduer. Men often said that she was so suggestive of a butterfly that they were moved to run up onto the stage and catch her. Miss Graves would laugh and say:

"There is more in that impulse than you understand, just as there is behind the dog's impulse to run after trains and automobiles."

Finally she explained, and now all men have had fair warning. The women of Paris, who will try anything once, tested her theory and found it good enough, so that in spite of the depression the fan manufacturers can't keep up with orders. This is what the young American dancer told the world's most skilfull man-catchers.

"Now that woman's clothes are so frankly revealing, the fan is more effective on man than it was in grandmother's modest day," she explained. "Men have recently given psychology a name and written solemn books about it, but woman has always understood its main principles—she had to. Lately somehow our sex seems to be forgetting some of them.

"In the first place love has nothing to do with reason. It is impossible to win a man by appealing to his intelligence. Otherwise a girl could win an eligible bachelor by submitting a certified chart of her mental, moral, physical and intellectual qualifications and passing an examination as she does for a government position.

"Men fell in love before they had any intelligence and they keep on in spite of it. The love-impulse arises in the unreasoning, automatic, nervous machinery. Hair, eyes, complexion, teeth, ankles, voice, perfume and many other things help start that desire to pursue and capture, known as love.

"How does one make a man pursue? If you call a strange dog, the chances are that he will eye you with suspicion and keep away, but if you turn and run madly from him he is almost certain to be at your heels. Men and dogs have hunted together for thousands of years and their instincts are much the same. If the cave girl wanted a man she probably laid in wait, popped into his view, uttered a frightened-sounding squeal and ran. Maybe the first time he would not get after her but the second or the third he would be pursuing hot-foot. Though he did not want her in the beginning, his efforts, chasing her all over the neighborhood, would put a certain value on the young person, and a woman is worth whatever a man thinks she is worth to him.

"Today women can't catch men by running from them on the city streets, but they can pretend to hide and induce him to hunt, which is the same principle," Miss Graves continued. "The cave girl who probably wore little or no clothing in warm weather hid herself behind rocks and bushes. Our grandmothers c o n c e a l e d themselves under bushels of clothing, except in the evening when they 'dressed to kill' in decollete which looks prudish enough now, but revealed the chest and shoulders and was thought daring then.

"The effect of this rather conservative exposure was powerful at first but like most sensations tended to grow steadily weaker. That is when the fan came in, keeping up the subconscious suggestion to the man, 'She is hiding something. I must look again and see what she is hiding.' What is more universal than the desire to unveil what is hidden? If a mother tells a child that it must not look in the top bureau drawer, that at once becomes the only drawer it wants to look in. Even cats and dogs watch with eager interest when a package is being wrapped. When all else fails, rat-catchers seal the trap up in a heavy cardboard box.

"With one-piece bathing suits, short skirts in the daytime, 'decadent gowns' with no backs at all, in the evening, women leave little to excite men's curiosity. But that does not matter, a momentary gesture of hiding is enough to rouse it again.

"I heard of some missionaries who tried to make the naked natives of a tropical island wear clothes. They had no success at all and were about to give up when finally they induced one woman, the most unattractive and neglected of the tribe, to put on a calico dress. Next morning the entire female population was waiting at the mission demanding clothes. Asking an explanation of this miracle of modesty, the women pointed to the beach. There was the homely convert, surrounded by a group of curious males who had never noticed her before, but now wanted to know what she was hiding from them.

"These native women had learned what all women should know, the value of concealment. Woman is a show, a spectacle, a mystery, like the theatre, and where would the lure and mystery of the theatre be without the curtain which is raised and lowered as occasion warrants? Of course, modern woman does not go about quite naked, but near enough so that a fan, skilfully manipulated, acts like the native's calico dress or the theatre's curtain."

A French writer, surprised at finding his lady love armed with one of those ancient offensive and defensive weapons, was moved to write a eulogy on the fan.

"Was there ever a jewel more expressive than the fan when handled by a woman of wit, a queen of beauty?" he asks. "It was the daring interpreter of concealed sentiments, the magic wand of fairy-like surprises, the defensive arm in amorous enterprises, the screen of sudden attacks of modesty and it was always a scepter of grace. It flitted lightly over the delightful curves of the corsage, like a giant butterfly feasting upon the flowers, it punctuated the irony of an epigram or accentuated the naughty whispers, it partly masked the impudence of a yawn provoked by the dullness of the conversation, it discreetly veiled the blushes called forth by a too daring flirtation and it was always the most adorable ornament of woman, the one which made the most of her fine manners and natural elegance, her wit and her enchanting graces.

"Its origin is Asiatic. But since then it has gone through many voyages, changes of fashion, adaptations and loss of position. The names which have been given to it in various periods and countries number a thousand and are all charming—tchamars, tchaounry, tuwahorf, pankas, kimpomounan, fiabellans, tabella, esmeuchoirs, zephyrs. In the hands of a beautiful patrician, or in those of the most desperate courtesans, it lends itself to the most different caprices. They say that in Spain it speaks a special language, that flirtation only needs this delicate jewel to express its most subtle conceptions or its extreme demands.

"When the fan is closed and the cord passed over the right arm it means 'I am looking for a fiance;' closed and on the left arm, it means, 'I am engaged, nothing to be hoped for.' Held near the lips, it means, 'I am thinking of you.' Folded back rapidly, it signifies, 'I am afraid that you are deceiving me.' Thrown to the ground, its message is, 'I belong to you.' When it covers the face, it says, 'You are bad, I am angry with you.' Finally, when it is left hanging at the end of the cord or around the waist or resting on the knees, it say, 'I do not seek love.'"

And yet that writer missed the main point, as men usually do, in the game of love. It is not what the fan tells that counts, but what it conceals or pretends to conceal.

Photographs of Miss Graves in Her Artistic Dance at the "Casino de Paris."

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"I've never seen so alluring a figure"

But her skin, Tragic!

*By Julia Foster**

SHE had all the grace in the world! A figure that gave subtle allure to her gown! Then, as she drew nearer, I saw a complexion that erased the whole lovely picture. That happens far too often. And a few expert words of advice could make *such* a difference!

* * *

You have no right to let your skin—ever—become "tragic". Not when the right care is so easy. That's what specialists have told me—and I'm going to tell you their treatment for keeping skin firm, smooth, youthful.

Apply a luxurious lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water to face and throat. Your hands are best for working this into the pores. Rinse it away with warm water (never use hot); finish with a cold rinse.

Foundation cleansing important

That's the basis. Then, your make-up, in the morning. At night, oil or tissue cream, if your skin is dry. More than 20,000 experts consider this the ideal foundation cleansing. You'll find ample reason in the paragraph at right headed: "Beauty In A Test Tube". Read every word of it!

Palmolive is so inexpensive that this bath treatment I'm going to outline is within every woman's budget. Melt a bar of Palmolive. Pour the soothing liquid into your tub. Step in. Immediately, you relax. Then massage every thirsty pore with the rich lather from another cake of Palmolive. Nerves are forgotten. Weariness a thing of the past. You want to jump into your loveliest frock, go places and do things. As for your skin—it's deliciously smooth and soft, after this olive and palm oil care.

Ten day beauty test

Believe me, nothing—*nothing* in your facial beauty program is so important as the twice-a-day use of Palmolive Soap. Nothing gives you a more satisfying, refreshing beauty treatment. Try it. For ten days morning and evening. Then ask yourself whether any beauty treatment has ever given you such a firm, fine, youthful skin!

BEAUTY IN A TEST TUBE
Olive oil for the complexion! Always known to keep skin soft, supple, youthful.
But can you get enough olive oil in soap? How much, actually, goes into Palmolive? There is the exact amount—in that test tube at the right. To this generous olive oil content can be directly traced the great benefits of Palmolive Soap to the complexion. Palmolive is the only large-selling soap made of vegetable oils exclusively. The only one using olive oil as a base. Other Palmolive ingredients are simply oils from palm trees necessary to produce a richer, creamier, more workable lather than possible with olive oil alone.
More than 20,000 of the world's leading beauty experts have for years urged women to use Palmolive Soap in preference to all others. Heed their advice!
* Julia Foster has interviewed over 2,600 beauty experts in the past two years. She attends beauty conventions, is in and out of smart restaurants, clubs, theatres. Her information on beauty subjects is authentic. It deserves your careful reading.
PALMOLIVE

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Retail Price 10c

Where Ancient Rome's Beauties Bathed in Buried Herculaneum

Preserved by Hardened Mud From Vesuvius for Almost 2,000 Years, the Luxurious Sea-Side Gossip Centre and "Beauty Parlor" of the Fashionable Women of That Long-Ago Day Begins to Yield Its Secrets to the Arch-eologists

ROME, Jan. 27.

THE only complete ancient Roman bath ever discovered is now being dug out of the volcanic mud with which Vesuvius covered the fashionable Roman Summer colony at Herculaneum almost nineteen centuries ago. Adding to the interest is the fact that this was a bath for women only. It was most luxurious and within it the patrician beauties gossiped with each other, were massaged to keep their weight down, and were given the newest and most expensive beauty treatments. Few women went to these baths for the water alone.

Herculaneum, with Pompeii, was destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A. D. It was to Pompeii what Newport and Palm Beach are to Coney Island. The richest and most powerful and fashionable Romans went to Herculaneum, and, of course, the noblest-born women. Pompeii, on the other hand, was a place of comparatively common-place villas—a resort of the new-rich; of vaudeville theatres, dance halls, side-shows and circuses.

The Ancient Roman Baths Were the Gossip Centers for Women as Well as the Beauty Parlors of Their Day. This Painting, by the French Artist Chasseriau, Shows Them Undressing in One of the Anterooms and Busily Discussing the Scandals of the Day.

A Unique Marble Group, Life Size, of Deer and Hounds, Discovered in the Women's Bath at Herculaneum.

Pompeii was buried under an outpouring of ashes, and it suffered during the centuries from the infiltration of air and water. Herculaneum was nearer the volcano and was quickly overwhelmed by the first flow of heavy mud from it. This hermetically sealed Herculaneum up, but preserved it with all its treasures intact throughout the centuries for the picks and spades of the modern archeologists.

It is for this reason that what has been uncovered of the women's bath is almost precisely in the condition it was when the eruption occurred. The roofs have suffered, of course, most of them having fallen under the weight of the mud. Beautiful mosaics have been restored to light and charming frescoes of a style and workmanship far superior to those of Pompeii. Only a small portion of the bath has as yet been cleared, and it is hoped that there will be found a full collection of the instruments and various paraphernalia of the old Roman baths which will show just what went on in one of them. It is not unlikely even, that books of beauty secrets and beauty methods may be found. These were not printed, but written on long rolls, usually of papyrus, but often of vellum. They were kept in cylindrical cases and there is no reason why they should not be perfectly preserved. Perhaps the modern beauty experts will be able to get some new ideas from them.

In Julius Caesar's time the Romans, although regular bathers, did not approve of mixed bathing, the men had their baths, and the women their own. There were no bathing suits in those days, or at least nobody saw any need for wearing them. Later on, at about the period of the magnificent baths of the Emperor Titus, both sexes bathed together, also without bathing suits.

The etiquette of these later baths was peculiar, at least to old-fashioned people of the present. Outside the baths, a Roman girl or matron, had to be thoroughly covered. Her robes concealed her from neck to instep. It was considered most immodest to show even the arm above the elbow. The Romans "rubbernecked" at a glimpse of feminine ankle quite as interestedly as the mid-Victorian men.

But in the baths, Roman matron, Roman maid, and Roman gentleman had on precisely nothing. A woman might, it is true, wear a cap to protect her coiffure, or a string of pearls around her neck. In this simplest unattire they strolled about the baths, chatting with friends and acquaintances, and totally without embarrassment.

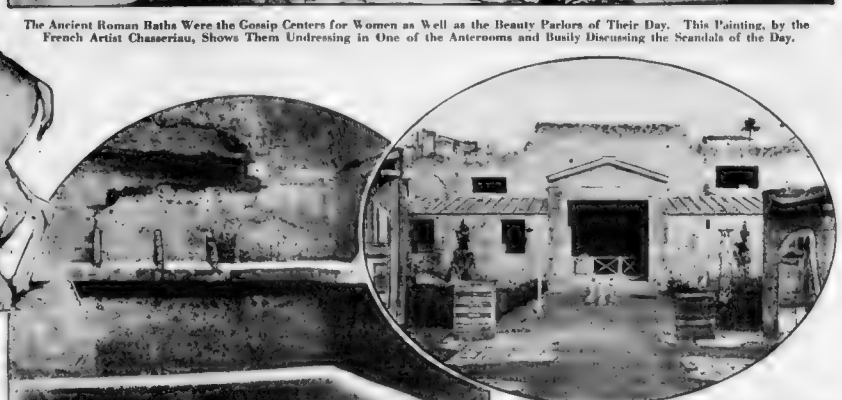
The rules of conduct were severe, however, and breach of them was punished by denial of admission to the baths—a real punishment to the fashionable Roman. There were only two rules and easy to remember, no matter how difficult to observe. The first rule was that no one must stare at another; the second, that all must behave as though fully dressed. When Mr. Caius Rufus, for example, met the fair Mrs. Julia Porsenius, the wife of his partner in British tin speculations, his eyes never strayed from her, or if they did, looked idly and blankly around and away from her. His conversation must be most decorous. To pass any compliments upon her figure or, indeed, even hint that he was aware she had a body, was a gross insult.

And she had to behave in precisely the same manner. All this is hard to understand today, despite the increasing liberty in the way of undress since the World War.

As a matter of fact there exists now no exact equivalent of either the ancient Roman baths or the ancient Roman custom of the bath, writes Professor Grant Showerman, of the University of Wisconsin, in his interesting book, "Rome and the Roman."

The word today denotes, in the singular, merely an act of cleanliness; in the plural almost entirely health resorts with springs having curative properties, or establishments for the treatment of the more or less ailing. The Roman baths were not only social halls but recreation and cultural centers. The baths of Diocletian, for example, measured a quarter of a mile on each side. One of the rooms of this bath is now the Church of San Bernardo. Another is the Transept of Santa Maria degli Angeli, one of the largest churches of Rome. The essentials of a Roman bath were three—the frigidarium, or cold bath; the caldarium, or hot bath; and the tepidarium, or tepid bath. The vestibule of Santa Maria is an ancient circular chamber that stood between the caldarium and the tepidarium of Diocletian's Baths.

"Besides these three regular chambers, the largest of which was 300 feet long, there were the usual dressing rooms," says Professor Showerman, "the open air portico for games and other physical exercise, and many smaller chambers for a variety of uses—libraries, lecture halls and lounges, additional baths, gymnasiums and dressing rooms, storerooms for towels, perfumes, unguents, and strigils or scrapers to get oil and sand off the skin; offices for the stewards, rooms for attendants and helpers, waiting rooms for the slaves and sedan-chair men; quarters for masseurs and medical advisers, and a theatre.



A Summer Cottage of a Fashionable Roman Woman Recently Restored at Herculaneum.

The Dressing Room in the Newly Discovered Public Bath for Women. The Mosaic Upon the Floor Represents Neptune With Dolphins and Octopuses.

"Not every patron of the baths came to them for the same purpose. There were those who came for mere cleanliness, and there were those who came for the recreation of a tired body, those who came for the relief of ailments and those who came as a preparation for dinner. Some came to enjoy the luxury of being worked over and to see who else was there. There were some who had appointments, social, or business, or literary."

Poets came to recite their verses to defenseless bathers.

"The ancient baths," observes Professor Showerman, "were hygienic, pathological, recreational, athletic, social, intellectual, cultural. They were the ancient city club, Y. M. C. A. (and also Y. W. C. A.), golf, community center, gymnasium, playground, amusement park, beauty parlor, rendezvous, country club and bathing beach."

Seneca, the Roman Stoic philosopher, who died a few years before Herculaneum was destroyed, was a frequent visitor to the resort, and it may have been of this very women's bath just found that he made the following indictment of its luxury:

"We think ourselves poor and mean if our walls (of the bath) are not resplendent with large and costly mirrors; if our marbles (statues and busts) are not set off by mosaics of Numidian stone, if their borders are not faced over on all sides with difficult patterns, arranged in many colors like paintings; if our vaulted ceilings are not buried in glass; if our swimming pools are not lined with Thasian marble, once a rare and wonderful sight in any temple; and finally, if the water has not poured from silver spigots."

If old Seneca could have seen the baths that were built a hundred years later he probably could never have found words for his indignation.

The ancient Roman life was most startling and amusingly modern. For example, in the neighboring resort of Pompeii they had the gigolo, quite as he is today. Paintings and posters discovered there show that Pompeian matrons were fond of attending cabarets where young men trained as dancing partners helped them to pass the time agreeably.

Women also took part in the politics of both cities. In Pompeii is a house front covered with election posters and among the names of those who ask their fellow-citizens to elect them aediles or aldermen, are several women. They claim that they know how to keep the streets clean. It is curious that among all the posters no man puts forward that qualification.

Something today might be learned from M. Spiridus Hymenaeus, who, although he had a fine wine cellar, frowned on excesses, as shown by an inscription in his dining room. He was hospitable, but liked his guests to show a little restraint, and told them so boldly, but in words that today could hardly be printed. On another wall he warns his friends to look only at the women who belong to them and not at those of other guests. A third inscription forbids all political discussions, and guests are told that if their opinions differ from those of their hosts or their fellow-guests it would be better for them to leave the dining room.

Hymenaeus seems not to have been altogether popular in Pompeii. He found it necessary to place in front of his house a warning threatening prosecution of all those who wrote messages insulting to him on the walls.

In many ways both Herculaneum and Pompeii seem to have borne considerable resemblance to American Summer resorts.

Workmen Digging Out the Ancient Bath From Its Almost 2,000-Year-Old Covering of Hardened, Volcanic Mud.

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Mlle. Debriege, the "Fatal Woman" of Pa

THE petted darling of the wealthy and dissolute before the World War, Mlle. Albany Debriege, now peddles scarfs and handkerchiefs in front of the theatres and fashionable restaurants in Paris where she once was queen. From her former mansion in the Rue Galilee, rich in antiques, art works and gorgeous jewels, she has moved to a garret in poverty-haunted bohemian Montmartre.

Once the owner of a stable of twenty horses, she lacks even the few sous for a bus fare. Formerly she ate the imported game and specially prepared dishes of the best chefs of Paris and sipped the most expensive wines; now a handful of chestnuts from a street peddler is sometimes her only meal for the day.

Men of wealth and title contested for her favors and the exquisite lines of "La Belle" Debriege's figure are preserved in two statues in the Luxembourg Galleries. But this idol of the Paris music halls is now forgotten; new and younger women are now the playthings of the rich profligates of the gay French capital.

The woman Fanny, the "Fatal Woman" of the novelist Murger's story, said: "The door by which one leaves my boudoir opens on the prison or the cemetery; and to enter the door, there are fathers who will sell their daughters, and sons who would ruin their fathers."

By some Mlle. Debriege also has been called a "Femme Fatale," because four men—perhaps more—have gone to their graves on her account.

"Men loved me; I was beautiful and therefore desirable," was her fatal philosophy of life. "Money is created to spend, jewels are fashioned to be worn, and women to be loved. And because change is the only real mistress of man, and chance is his counsellor, we lovers of the moment seize all that the world offers—and live for the hour."

Mlle. Debriege now tells the story of her astonishing career, and her present plight is a moral object lesson of the consequences of striving for the things that are not worth while.

By Mlle. Albany Debriege
Once the Idol of the Paris Music Halls

CHAPTER I.

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Mlle. Albany Debriege, at the Height of Her Career as Queen of the Night Life of Paris.

FORGOTTEN and horribly poor today—yet I am the same Albany Debriege, the same "La Belle Albany" who was one of the brightest stars in the firmament of Parisian gay life twenty years ago. My jewels, my gowns, my mansion, my art treasures, my racing stable which were matters of which gossip writers never tired—all are gone.

I was one of the first leaders of fashion to exchange my carriage and coachman for a motor car. Two statues for which my superb figure was the model stand in the Luxembourg Museum. I was the inspiration of world-famous painters and sculptors, like Gerome, Carolus Duran and Riviere. I have sung before kings at their command; the wealthiest men of Europe matched their fortunes for my favors.

But all these treasures of my conquests are gone. Instead of the magnificent palace in the Rue Galilee, that once was mine, I creep at night into my garret in shabby old Montmartre. In front of the theatres and music halls where once I ruled as queen, I stand in the chilly winds and peddle scarfs and handkerchiefs. My former admirers do not care to remember me—three times I have had to leave humble lodgings and move on because I could not pay even the three dollars a week of rent.

From my little window at night, in the tawdry, squalid Montmartre Quarter, I can hear the jazz bands playing, almost hear the pop of corks as the champagne flows; can listen to the laughter of my successors in youthful beauty, feted by the sons of gilded idleness from all countries. I can still sing. I am not yet old. But the favorites of yesterday are soon forgotten.

While my worldly treasures are long since dissipated, yet I have in my attic a few souvenirs of the days that are gone, and before me lies the famous chronicle of Bohemian Paris of two decades ago, the "Memoirs of Paulus," and often do I read the page on which is written:

"I have just been to L'Horloge, and been applauding with everyone else the beautiful Debriege, grande vedette of the hour. Ever since she made her debut at the Varieties in 'The Whispering Wells' all Paris has been talking of her. She played the role of 'Truth' in the traditional costume of that 'person, a costume which did not exist, but which demanded of the woman carrying it all the physical beauties which Phidias required of his models. And, beyond that, she had both talent and a charming character."

I was a singer. I played in comedy, I starred in operettas, all Paris was at my feet, and it is sweet to be adored. But I decided to make a world conquest, and I arranged a tour, including Italy, Spain, Egypt, the Central Empires, Russia and South America.

I went to Madrid. The presiding officer of the great bullfight gave me a loge at his right, as a guest of the city, after I had sung there. Galytto, the celebrated toreador, was appearing that day, and to my amazement stopped before my loge just before he went into combat.

"Madame la Lune," he said, addressing me by the character of one of my songs, "Madame la Lune, I am about to conquer this bull and put him to death in your honor. But if by mischance it is the beast which triumphs, my dying thought will be of you." A very pretty compliment, n'est-ce-pas?

I have sung at Cairo—at the Khedive's theatre—and in Brazil, where they dragged my carriage through the streets and strewed me with flowers. In Russia I sang before the Czar at his command, and received as gifts the jewels of grand dukes.

I was at Bucharest when the war broke out. I was staying in the Palace Hotel, where Hildebrant, chief of the Kaiser's spies in that country, had an apartment. He offered me a villa, furs and 50,000 marks if I would enter the German secret service. I told him I was one of those who would die for France rather than one who would betray her. Thereafter he was very discourteous. He used to ride up in the elevator with me with his hat on and blowing cigar smoke in my face. This so infuriated me that one day I snatched both cigar and hat from him and threw them on the floor. I heaped him and my country's enemy with insults. He said he would have me shot when General Mackensen's army reached Bucharest.

When the Germans were at the gates I fled into Russia. My funds were running low. I saw the Bolshevist revolt in Petrograd. I ran with the crowds when the machine guns used to open fire. Those were terrible days. Only my little dog Loulouette was there to comfort me.

But my triumphs in Paris happened before the sad days of the war. When I returned I found that my beloved capital had forgotten me—I was out of date, a relic of the past. A newer generation had sprung up during the years in which I had been away conquering the world. Now I have nothing left. I tremble when there is a knock at the door, for I do not know when they will take even this little roof from over my head.

But let us go back to my childhood.

I was born in the French city of Toulouse, in the south of France, and we were in quite comfortable circumstances. I was named Albany, after my godfather, M. Alban, a wealthy merchant, and was educated in a convent.

My father was wholly devoted to me, and I returned his affection, but at last I began to notice that his sunny disposition was shadowed by fits of depression, and that he occasionally looked at my mother with something like anguish in his brooding eyes. One day, during my holidays, he called me into his study and, taking me in his arms, my father kissed me fondly, and told me he must talk to me seriously.

"Albany, cherie. I don't wish to frighten you . . . but I am very ill. Now, my child, don't cry; be brave and listen to all that I have to say"

Thus admonished, I checked my tears, and held his hand very tightly.

"I've known for some time that I have been suffering from an incurable complaint," continued my father, "and I have realized that after my death your mother must marry again. You see, she is very attractive, Albany, and she hates loneliness of any description; but I should never rest if I thought that you were likely to be unhappy with a stepfather—your brothers and sisters can fend for themselves. I won't chance your fate Therefore, my dear little girl, you must marry someone who will take care of you before I die."

I burst out laughing "But, Papa, I'm only fourteen," I cried

"You are very pretty," he replied, "it will not be difficult to settle your future. Now, promise me not to be unreasonable. You know my wishes—respect them, and make a dying man happy."

So I clung to him, kissed him and promised to marry any man who wanted to marry me.

The matrimonial campaign was very quickly accomplished. I was to possess 250,000 francs as a dowry. I was young and pretty; thus the effective Trinity of Wealth, Youth and Beauty soon brought a would-be husband into my horizon.

"Now, Albany," said Mamma one morning (she had consented unreservedly to further my father's plans), "come here and look at this photograph of a really delightful young man, who holds an important position in one of the great banking houses at Marseilles. Isn't he adorable?"

I took the photograph, glanced at it, and threw it on the floor. I also stamped on it.

"I won't marry a man with a beard," I stormed. "A beard is perfectly disgusting—and no man with a beard ought to be allowed to kiss anyone."

My mother was horrified. Her look spoke volumes. She retrieved the offending photograph and did not broach the subject until a fortnight later, when she handed me another photograph, remarking tersely:

"He's shaved it off!"

I sighed. Opposition was hopeless. The clean-shaven, smiling face of the candidate for me and my dowry gave no cause for the description of it as a just impediment. But the idea of living with the owner was repellent to me. I was, after all, only a child. I wanted to play and not to be married. You see, a convent education is rather severe, and one prays there far more than one plays.

However, the sight of my father's pale, drawn face touched my rebellious heart, and I decided to be as courageous as my ancestress, Sophie Pelagie Pepin de la Poussadierre, who had been guillotined cheering the French Revolution, and mount the scaffold of matrimony without the quiver of an eyelash.

The preparations for my wedding went on apace. I was fitted for innumerable gowns, but filmy lingerie and delightful negligees failed to arouse my interest. I was in reality numb to any emotions, and I resigned myself to the inevitable, thanking my stars that our French etiquette did not require me to really know my fiance, and until after we were married I hardly spoke a dozen words with him.

And, in this way, I was married at the unripe age of fourteen and a half, and my marriage benediction was destined to prove my moral damnation. But it was only when the last good-bys had been spoken, and my husband and I were in the express bound for Nice for our honeymoon, that I realized the extent of the disaster which had befallen me.

I was alone with a strange man for the first time in my short life, and, furthermore, I belonged to him. These were the unpleasant truths which struck me when I looked at my husband, who was surveying me with the chilling appraisement of the man who mentally "undresses" one.

Child though I was, I sensed the ambushed beast that dwells alike within the souls of saints and sinners. I was nauseated with a breath colored with the stale fumes of wine and cigars.

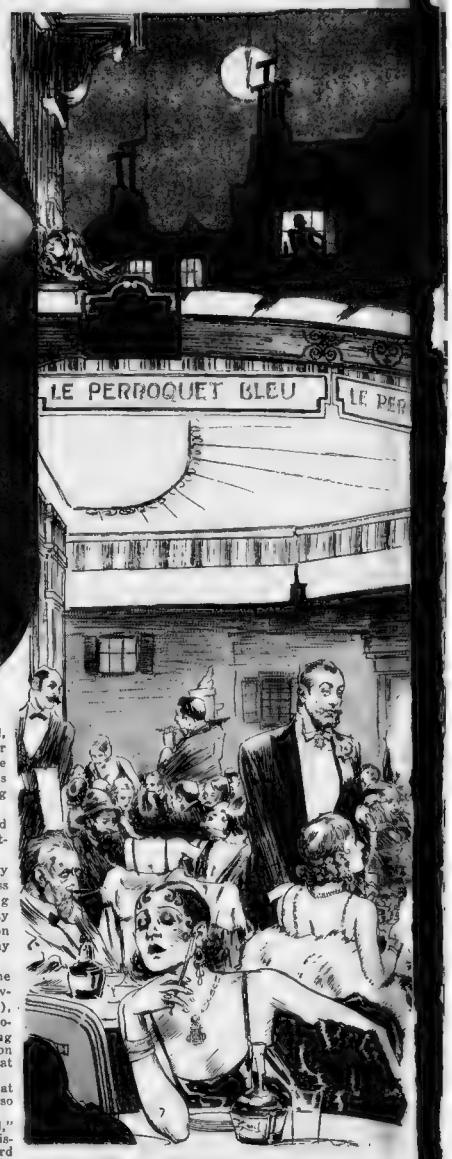
I struggled to free myself. The train was rushing onward like some devil from the nethermost hell, the noise of the wheels drowned my voice. But my husband's hold loosened and I sank back in my seat.

'Why—why won't you kiss me, Albany?" I heard him mutter.

"Because I don't love you. I never shall," I answered.

"Perhaps not now," he replied, "but, my darling little wife, you doubtless will be more amiable when we are alone at Nice."

I said never a word, but my heart misgave me.

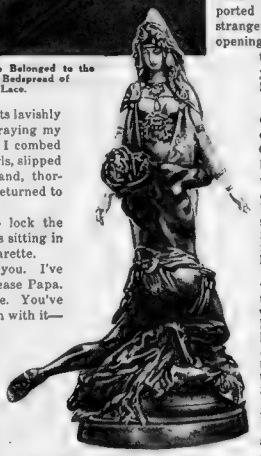


"But all these treasures of my conquests are gone. Instead of the magnificent palace in the Rue Galilee that once was mine, I creep at night into my garret in shabby old Montmartre. In front of the theatres and music halls, where once I ruled as queen, I stand in the chilly winds and peddle scarfs and handkerchiefs. My former admirers do not care to remember me—three times I have had to leave humble lodgings and move on because I could not pay even

Once Queen of the Petted Butterflies of the Gay French Capital, for Whose Favors Wealthy Profligates Matched Their Fortunes, Whose Beauty of Face and Figure Attracted the Great Sculptors and Painters, Now Forgotten in Her Pitiful Poverty

s three dollars a week of rent. From my little window night, in the tawdry, squalid Montmartre Quarter, I can ear the jass bands playing; almost hear the pop of corks the champagne flows; can listen to the laughter of my oressers in youthful beauty, feted by the sons of led idleness from all countries. I can still sing. I not yet ol l. But the favorites of yesterday are soon otten."

Mlle. Debriege's Bed, Which Once Belonged to the Famous Mme. du Barry, With Bedspread of Antique English Point Lace.



Bronze Statuette of Salammbo and Matho, by the Distinguished Sculptor Theodore Riviere, Modeled from Mlle. Debriege, and in the Luxembourg Museum.

Arrived at Nice, we drove to the best hotel, here a charming suite had been reserved for us. remember the little salon with a table set for upper, flowers, silver, and a magnum of champagne on ice. There was also a bedroom and dressing room daintily furnished in pale-hued brocade, and a bathroom, which invited me traightaway to forget fatigue in perfumed and caressing warm water.

I removed my hat and traveling cloak, and surveyed myself in the long mirror. My great ark eyes were pools of sorrow, and my red-gold ndrils of hair framed a white face—not the ace of the young bride who is supposed to be in ove. And I seemed to see another woman's face oking over my shoulder, a face as pale as my wn, with a thin thread of scarlet round her white eck—the vision of that Sophie who was guillotined, and who was not a coward like Albany. I stiffened, and, going into the salon, I ate my supper with superb disdain, and afterward announced my intention of going to bed.

"Good night, Charles," I said, politely.

I had dispensed with a maid, and half an hour sufficed to arrange the contents of my dressing case, and to extract a chiffon night-dress and a lace peignoir from my assortment of lingerie. I threw perfumed salts lavishly into my bath, and, after spraying my tired body with White Iris, I combed and brushed my fleece of curls, slipped on my little satin mules, and, thoroughly equipped for rest, I returned to my bedroom.

But—I had forgotten to lock the door. And my husband was sitting in an armchair, smoking a cigarette.

"Listen," I said, "I hate you. I've only sacrificed myself to please Papa. I'll never really be your wife. You've got my money; buy a woman with it—you shan't have ME. I've a revolver in my dressing case—if you come near me I'll kill you."

"So that's your idea of married life, you little fool," he cried. "You'd kill me, would you? Tomorrow I shall take you back to your mother. Perhaps she'll make you see wisdom." And with this threatening remark my husband left the room in furious rage.

I jumped off the bed and locked the door. Then, and then only, tears came to my relief, and I wept unrestrainedly.

Morning came, as fair and inviting as most mornings on the Riviera, but we did not remain at Nice. True to his word, my husband took me back to Toulouse, and related his experience to my sympathizing and shocked mother. I was scolded and remonstrated with (I think Mamma would have whipped me had she dared), and we left Toulouse for Marseilles, my husband convinced that I represented an entirely bad bargain as a wife.

My husband's parents lived in a pretentious, gloomy house on the Boulevard Baille. We were to be a family household, so he informed me, and he hoped I would soon mend my ways under the salutary influence of his mother. I listened and said never a word. No mother-in-law could make me my husband's chattel, least of all a narrow-minded woman like Madame Laurier.

Oh, how I hated Marseilles and marriage! How much I longed to sail away in one of the steamers lying in port, for some unknown country of Beauty, where I could see color and breathe happiness; anything rather than the Boulevard Baille, and the lurking, waiting husband who nightly prowled down the corridor leading to my room, and who pleaded and reviled me in turn through the closed door, to the scandal of his parents and the amusement of the maids, who were light sleepers and sharp of hearing. Sometimes I consoled myself with the thought that, at any rate, Papa was happy, but when he died two months after my marriage, I knew that my sacrifice had been useless, and the knowledge only increased my heart's bitterness.

I decided to escape. The idea obsessed me, but as my ignorance of life was colossal, I hesitated to tempt fate, and in this manner a dreary year passed. I wandered aimlessly hither and thither. My husband only returned home in time for dinner, and my "in-laws" allowed me no active position in the menage. Thus I was free to spend my days as I chose, and an unforeseen accident settled the question of my destiny.

As I was crossing one of the crowded streets, oblivious, let me confess it, of the important maxim, "Safety First," my foot slipped in front of an oncoming street car, and before I realized what had happened I felt myself being dragged along amidst a volume of shouts and the noise of grinding brakes. It is not surprising that I fainted, and I knew nothing more of what had transpired until I regained consciousness on the floor of a druggist's shop, where my head was evidently supported by some friendly stranger, and my slowly opening eyes encountered those of a handsome young man who was bending over me.

And, as those blue eyes met my brown ones, the Little Blind God (who must have been hiding somewhere behind the counter) seized his bow, and two shafts straightway winged into my heart and into the heart of the handsome unknown.

The passers-by who had witnessed the accident, and who had been apprehensive on my behalf, quickly melted away, and I found myself alone with the druggist and my rescuer (for so I mentally judged him to be).

"Mademoiselle," said he, "are you really better?" I nodded.

"But—it would be a kindness to assist me to go home," I continued, the little arrow of Love still rankling in my heart.

My new friend called a cab, and we set out together. Fortunately the Boulevard Baille was some distance away and our progress was so slow that we were able to indulge in a good many confidences.

"It is impossible to believe that anyone so young can be married," said the stranger when I had definitely corrected him as to the use of the word "Mademoiselle." "Why, you are little more than a child."

"I'm a very miserable child,' I said ruefully, "and just now I am in mourning for the best of fathers.'

"How happy your husband must be."

The idea of Charles being happy appealed to my sense of humor. I laughed, much to my friend's surprise.

"Well, considering I was married against my will, I hardly think so," I retorted, and then, regardless of the conventions, I seized his hand.

"Oh, do be kind, and let me talk to you," I cried. "I badly need someone in whom I can confide. Please, please, see me again."

"Why, you poor child, of course I will. My name is Edouard Valorbes, and I am, like many bankers' sons, employed in my father's bank. We can meet anywhere you like, as my job is more or less of a sinecure. So, at any day, and at any hour, I am at your disposition."

I told M. Valorbes who I was, reflecting meanwhile how odd it was that the only two men in my life should both be connected with banks. At the top of the Boulevard I said "Au revoir," and rejoined my family, who were wondering what my prolonged absence signified. I explained how narrowly I had escaped death, but I received scant sympathy, my mother-in-law reiterating her parrot cry that if only I had a baby I should find my time fully occupied.

That night I dreamed of Edouard Valorbes, and I woke in the morning with a sense of pleasurable anticipation; for, was I not to meet him in the Parc Borely at three o'clock?

That first meeting was one of many. Edouard and I sat together under the trees in the Prado, or took our dejeuners at little hidden restaurants. Nobody troubled about me so long as I was home for dinner, and I revelled in my new-found freedom. I felt instinctively that Edouard was attracted by me, and, as I had begun to regard him as the means to an end, I decided to put his affection to the test.

"Edouard," I said one day, looking at him with my soul in my eyes, "I believe you are very fond of me—and I'll tell you why."

He smiled.

"Well—it's chiefly because I'm pretty, and perhaps you are sorry for me. So, because of these things, please take me away."

Edouard Valorbes stared.

"What—are you planning an elopement?" he asked.

"Exactly."

"My darling girl," said the now greatly perturbed young man, "what you ask is impossible. I daren't risk it."

I began to cry. The tears flowed down my cheeks like April rain. I clung to Edouard as I gave him innumerable damp and salty kisses, and I wept and wept, until he finally agreed to "think matters over and arrive at some decision within the next three days."

I returned, comforted. My tears had touched him, and when, three days afterward, Edouard told me that he would "elope" with me, I knew that I had found the way of escape.

"But," said my lover, "you must bring nothing with you except the clothes you are wearing. I can't take a man's wife with anything that appertains to her marriage. A week today at four o'clock, a carriage will be stationed at the top of the Boulevard, and you'll find me waiting for you."

That week had verily leaden feet, but at last the hour struck when I was to shed the dust of the Laurier home from my feet forever. I wrote a letter to my husband, Charles, saying that I was going away.

"You have my money," I added, "so you will not miss ME. Please take no steps to discover my whereabouts."

Alas! the shadow of tragedy was to darken my escape. Charles' father, who was in reality, a more or less harmless old man, had evidently said little, but thought the more about his son's matrimonial troubles. To him my flight was in the nature of what Waterloo represented to Napoleon, and, after reading my letter, he lapsed into silence, went out of the house and never returned. Two days later his body was recovered from the Docks. He had drowned himself rather than endure the torture of his shattered hopes of his son's ultimate happiness.

Number One of the men who were destined to end their lives on my account!

I read the account of the suicide when I was taking my morning coffee in the sunny bedroom of my little flat, and I am not ashamed to acknowledge that I regretted my innocent share in the tragedy. But I speedily forgot the episode, for who could be unhappy for more than an hour with Edouard Valorbes?

My lover had been discretion itself, and he installed me in a small apartment in a large block of flats, where I was unknown and unnoticed. It was a comfortable nest, gay with bright hued chintz, the softest cushions, flowers everywhere, and a bedroom fit for the Sleeping Beauty. By this time, Edouard's pity and love had given place to complete adoration.

We were very happy, and we were never together enough to become bored. Nobody in the building concerned themselves over us, Edouard's relatives accepting his frequent absences with the unquestioning courtesy which a well-bred French family invariably shows to a bachelor.

But we were not permitted to enjoy a protracted love idyll. Charles, my husband, consumed with baffled desire, and perpetually reminded of his failure as a husband by his adoring and nagging mother, decided to force me to return, even at the cost of washing any quantity of dirty linen in public. To this end he put the police on the track of his fugitive wife, and early one morning we were awakened by a series of loud knocks. My maid, who answered the insistent summons, persuaded the intruders to return later, and, having reported her success, she urged me to hide under the bed when they came back on their tour of inspection.

In those days I was slight and supple as a willow wand, so I lost not a moment in flattening myself under the woodwork of the low Louis XV bed, where, half suffocated by lack of space and unlimited dust, I awaited the emissaries of Charles Laurier. At last they returned and I heard them going from room to room, questioning Marie, who lied like an angel. But I was given away by my photograph on my dresser, which was instantly recognized as being that of the

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This Way To Happiness

By Maysie Greig

The Gripping Story of a Modern Cinderella Who Thought She Could Get Along Without Love

Janice Had Doubled Up Her Tiny Fist and Landed Kent a Hard, Stinging Blow on the Cheek.

CHAPTER I.

Disillusion.

JANICE had never won a beauty prize. She had never been tried out for the talkies. She had never waited in an agent's office to interview someone producing a musical comedy. She had never been made love to by the boss' young son. No, nothing sensational about Janice. You know her, or someone very like her.

For after all, there are thousands of Janices. A whole army of them, who emerge every morning at eight-thirty or thereabouts from little one-room apartments already dusted and shuttered for the day. A neat tweed coated little army in comfortable shoes or boots, according to the vogue; trim ankles in stockings of silk, or very nearly silk. A brisk smiling little army who walk quickly down the sidewalks to the subway station or the bus stop; who glance through a tabloid newspaper on their way down to work; who smile pleasantly at the elevator man and ask after his wife and latest child as they are shot up half way to Heaven where the offices are; who, once there, remove hats and coats and hang them on pegs, straighten their hair, whip out a powder puff and lipstick just for a second, uncover their typewriters, open their note books. . . . A brave, courageous little army. Business couldn't get along without them.

Thus Janice.

Janice. . . . If you glanced at her once, usually you'd glance at her twice. Then, maybe, you'd wonder why you had. For Janice's beauty wasn't spectacular. Something else made you notice her. The sweetness, perhaps, in the full red curve of the lips, the attractive oval profile with the short straight little nose, the large grey eyes that laughed, frankly laughed with fun so often. Yet, at times, a tiny light of disillusion was in them. You wondered why. She was young. Twenty, at the most. And pretty, with soft brown hair that reminded you, absurdly, of new brown timber with the early morning sunlight on it. She was thin, almost too thin, and about her there was the grace of the same timber when it's young and growing.

Older men, business men, thought, "Nice looking girl, and I bet she's sensible." They mouthed the last word, making a virtue out of it. And, if they were older still, they added, "A treat, nowadays, to see a pretty girl who appears to be sane."

Sane. Yes, Janice was sane. She prided herself upon it. She thought, I'm never going to trust to my emotions again. I'm going to think out everything I do practically first. That's the only sensible way. The other leads to hurt . . . and heartbreak."

You see, she hadn't always been sane, our Janice.

Once, a little more than a year ago, she had thought her tiny feet planted on the silver ladder that leads right into the heart of the moon. A big yellow romantic moon it was, those days, to Janice.

Yet the affair hadn't started romantically. A miserable evening in November, with sheets of rain thick as pea soup. Crossing the road was like playing at Blind Man's Buff, with you as "It." Just as Janice was about to gain the sidewalk a long, low-slung car, like some weird prehistoric animal in that half light, had caught her heel and sent her flying flat on to the curb.

Instantly the door of the car had sprung out and yanked her to her feet again. But because of the rain and the pain in her ankle, Janice hadn't seen much of him that evening, except his silk hat. Very black, it was, and shiny. Its owner had insisted upon driving her home. She learned, during that drive, that he was an Englishman, over in the States to demonstrate a new make of sports car. His passion was auto racing. The next day he called to make sure she wasn't hurt. He brought flowers, hothouse roses, secret, whorls of scented flame. Orchids, too—only that was later.

"I hope," he said, as he presented the roses to her, "you don't look upon me as a very double-dyed villain?" And he smiled lopsidedly, attractively. Janice saw, then, that he was young, and quite handsome. His hair was fairish, it waved slightly; he had blue eyes and a merry laughing mouth.

Janice buried her face in the flowers, faintly pink, like her cheeks.

"I think," she smiled, "if you are a doubled-dyed villain . . . I rather like them!"

You see, Janice, at nineteen, hadn't yet learned to be sensible. A gaily impulsive creature, this Janice, who laughed constantly, as though life was a great joke she was but waiting to share with someone.

Golden days followed, each more richly tinted than the last. The young man told her quite a lot about himself and his family in England. Yet, although a foreigner, he seemed to know quite a lot of people here in New York. Important society people. Occasionally Janice wondered why he didn't introduce her to any of them, and always took her to obscure places to dine. Expensive, certainly, but not in the least fashionable. Janice hungered a little to taste the splendors of the fashionable hotels. But she was too happy, too much in love to worry about it. Yet once she did ask him.

"You're such a glorious darling I want to keep you all to myself," he had smiled. "Love is so much more wonderful when it's secret, you know."

She agreed. Yet, in an odd way, she wasn't altogether happy. She couldn't have told you why. Surely, although she crushed the thought resolutely down, he wasn't ashamed of her?

Then one night he said casually, almost too casually, "I'm sailing for Europe in a few days. Going straight to Italy to drive in a big auto race. Like to come with me?"

He was joking, of course.

"Adore it," she crinkled her little nose in a smile, "if I could."

He raised one eyebrow and caught her hand on the very white table cloth. He bent the fingers shut and squeezed them hard. "Precious kid, what's to stop you?"

Still determined it was a joke, she laughed. "Lots of things! To begin with there's a frightening old woman in petticoats called Mother Grundy."

"Pshaw!" He snapped his fingers in the air, twice, quickly. "Don't tell me you're a little prude, Janice! Conventions don't mean a thing nowadays. Youth's over-ridden them. Youth, determined to get what it wants anyhow, at any price. I want you, my sweet, and I know you want me. . . ."

Janice just sat there. He was still holding her hand, but she hardly seemed conscious of it any longer. She stared across at him, over the flower bowl in the center of the table, while the whole dining room rocked about her, and the saxophones in the jazz band laughed and laughed. A sobbing laughter—like the sobbing laughter in Janice's own heart.

Perhaps even he sensed he'd hurt her. It put him on the defensive. He grumbled, "Don't look like that, Janice. You're a sensible girl. You know we can't marry. Father'd cut me off without a bob. He's bent on me doing something social and spectacular in the marrying line. But that shouldn't ruin our fun, old kid. Just think of our being in Italy together."

"Stop," cried Janice. She felt he must stop before he killed her completely. Killed every ideal she had. He was plucking them from her, all those absurd little dreams and illusions, as completely as a chicken is plucked before it goes into the boiler. Only, with Janice, it was worse for she wasn't quite dead.

He was angry now, probably because he was secretly ashamed of himself. "Surely you knew from the first I couldn't marry you, Janice? Why, my dear, the family would go into mourning for a year over it! You're a darling and all that but . . ."

"But I'm not good enough to

(Continued on Page 16)

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IF YOU want to have a vigorous, healthy growth of hair, you mustn't let your scalp go to sleep. And that's what it does when you neglect its exercise.

Wake it up! Keep it active! Once a week take five minutes for this thorough scalp work-out: First, apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp; then grasp the head firmly with the fingers of both hands and give it a good massage, working from the neck and temples up to the crown. You should feel the scalp move loosely. Rub until it tingles and then shampoo as usual. This easy treatment is just like the oil massage athletes have to keep their bodies in condition—the oil cleanses and softens and the massage stimulates circulation. And the result is a scalp in the pink of condition, able to grow and keep a youthful thatch of hair. Try it tonight!

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY MENU will help solve the what-to-serve problem. Consult it regularly—on next to the last page.

Now my Gums are Hard and my Teeth look Splendid — thanks to Ipana!

1. JOHN ADVISED ME TO HARDEN MY GUMS . . .

I used to get all worked up about "pink tooth brush"—but I didn't *do* anything. John came home from the dentist's one day and told me why my gums bled and my teeth looked *gray*. "Get after those soft gums of yours," he said. "Or you'll be having gingivitis. Or pyorrhea. Or Vincent's disease."

2. SO I BEGAN WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE . . .

The dentist had told John that since we don't eat coarse foods, our gums lack stimulation. He showed John how to massage his gums, to harden them. And John had brought home two tubes of Ipana Tooth Paste. Right then and there we started massaging Ipana into our gums every time we cleaned our teeth.

3. NOW MY GUMS ARE FIRM—MY TEETH SPARKLE

We do it twice a day. Just clean your teeth with Ipana. Then rub some *fresh* Ipana right into your gums. And leave it! It tastes good! If you could see how white my teeth are now—and how hard my *gums* are—you'd know how much good Ipana does. I saw the last of "pink tooth brush" *weeks* ago!

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There's *Menu Magic* in these

UNEEDA BAKERS LEADERS

They'll help you serve meals that save time, work, money. Try the new treats described at right. Then send for whole bookful of "Menu Magic." It's free. Just use the coupon.

HERE'S news... exciting news! It's a brand-new way to plan meals that please. You'll find the secret on your grocer's counter . . . the five Uneeda Bakers leaders for February.

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Certainly, I want to save time, work and money in preparing my family's meals. So send a copy of **"MENU MAGIC"** to

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Try this time-saving menu for
MOVIE NIGHT

*Twelve-Minute Chowder
Uneeda Bakers Butter Wafers
Salmon Salad
Assortment de Luxe
Coffee

***12-MINUTE CHOWDER**

¾ cup canned corn
1½ cups canned tomatoes
1 teaspoon minced onion
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
¼ teaspoon celery salt
1½ cups hot water
1½ cups evaporated milk
16 Premium Soda Crackers (crumbled)

Turn corn, tomatoes, seasoning, parsley and hot water into a saucepan and boil gently 10 minutes. Then add canned milk and heat. Crumble crackers and stir into chowder. Serve with chopped parsley sprinkled over each portion. Six portions.

★ ★ ★

Appetites Ahoy! Here are real

PIRATE BARS

14 Uneeda Graham Crackers
½ teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoons baking powder
1¾ cups chopped, pitted dates
1 cup chopped nut meats
3 eggs well beaten
1 cup brown sugar

Crumble crackers fine and mix with salt and baking powder and add dates and nuts. Beat eggs and sugar together and combine with the first mixture, mixing thoroughly. Turn into well-buttered shallow pan. Bake in moderate oven (400° F.) 20-25 minutes. Cut in bars while warm. Recipe makes 16 bars one inch thick.

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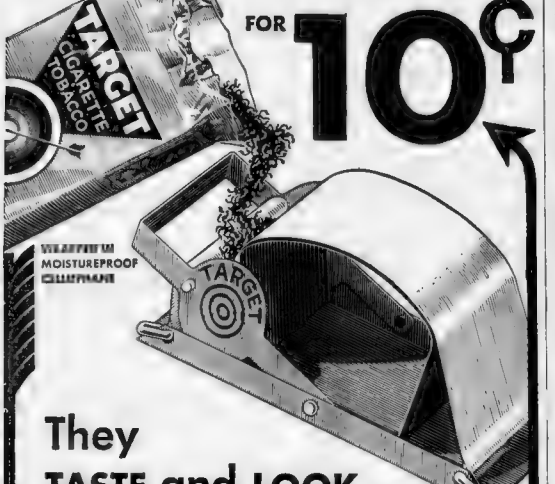

They TASTE and LOOK like . . . READY-MADES!

MAN, what a break you get when you roll Targets! One dime buys the makin's for a couple of fistfuls of cigarettes. And what cigarettes! Not the old dried-up, frowsy tobacco that smoked like sawdust, but real cigarette tobaccos, exactly the same fine blend of Virginia, Burley and Turkish that goes into ready-mades. With the 40 fine Target gummed cigarette papers that come free with every package, you can roll fine Target cigarettes either by hand or on the simple little Target Roller pictured above. You get a cigarette that *tastes* like ready-mades, *looks* like 'em and saves you at least half a dollar a week. If that isn't a break, what is?

AND GET THIS: The U. S. Government Tax on 20 cigarettes amounts to 6¢. On 20 cigarettes you roll from Target Tobacco the tax is just about 1¢. No wonder you get such value for a dime!

ROLL 'EM BETTER THAN READY-MADES! Your dealer will demonstrate the Target Roller. It is the most practical device for rolling perfect cigarettes. It is guaranteed by the makers to work to your satisfaction. You'll save the price of the machine in a few days. Think of it! A machine at a low price that will turn out cigarettes that can't be distinguished from the most perfect ready-mades.

ROLL 'EM BETTER THE GOOD OLD WAY!

Place a little Target tobacco on a Target cigarette paper. Target's long cut. It rolls even the full length of the cigarette. Tuck in the paper and roll with both thumbs toward gummed edge.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY MENU will help solve the what-to-serve problem. Consult it regularly—on next to the last page.

This Way To Happiness

By Mona Gray

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marry you," Janice's young voice broke in hotly.

"It isn't a question of good enough. Heaven knows, I'm not a saint. It's just the family. Come on, darling, look upon my suggestion sensibly."

But how can you be sensible when you're in love with a man or hate him as much as Janice was hating Kent at that moment? It wasn't so much the insult of his suggestion. He had broken something very precious to her. Something she had a vague idea, even then, could never be quite repaired. A beautiful shining something, shattered as completely as though a bowl of finely cut crystal had smashed at her feet.

She sprang up from the table. "I'm going home," she said in an odd, stifled voice. "Don't bother to come with me, please."

But he followed her up the red carpeted stairs out onto the sidewalk. All the time saying: "You're all alike, you little typists and shop girls. Take as much as you can get, then back out at the last moment. Of course, you're all angling for marriage. Directly you see a chap's wealthy you're not only out for his money but for his name. Some poor saps do get caught, I know. . . ."

But he got no further. Janice had doubled up her tiny fist and landed Kent a hard, stinging blow on the cheek. She was amazed at herself. And, because she was so amazed, she laughed. Laughed in a tight sobbing way, as the saxophones still laughed down there in the restaurant. Then she turned and fled.

All that night Janice sat, like a little silver statue, curled up on the couch under her window. In the daytime it was gay with stately peacocks, their tails a riot of glorious color on the cretonne. She rested her chin on the crook of her arm and stared out at the skyscrapers of New York, incredibly tall and stately, shimmering whitely under a full faced moon. The same moon as on other nights, but to Janice it was no longer kind and romantic. A coldly mocking moon. It looked down at her through the faintly smeared window pane and seemed to say, "My dear little fool, were you really taken in, as completely as all that? What a dumbbell you were! Stupid to let your emotions run away with you. See how you're suffering. Well, my dear, I'm afraid you'll go on suffering, time and again, till you've learnt to be sensible. Fall in love with your head and not with your heart in future, my child." Such a cynical lady moon it was that night. Like a crabbed old maiden aunt who has, somehow, missed romance herself. Janice mightn't have paid any attention to her, if it hadn't been for the awful pain in her heart. She thought: "You're right. I'm never going to lose my head over any man again. I'll see what he has to offer me, then I'll decide whether I'm going to like him or not!" She repeated this aloud, very firmly, as though to convince herself. Her tense little voice echoed miserably in the silence of the room. Then, because she wasn't quite sensible yet, she sank her head down on the window ledge and sobbed.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Saunders.

THAT was over a year ago. A new Janice has superceded the unhappy, disillusioned child of that night. A very modern young woman, quick and intelligent at her work, bright in her conversation, absolutely independent. Her clothes are always very smart, cut from the most exclusive paper patterns. Indeed, you'd think each was a model gown. Every morning she comes to the office efficient, smiling. A large typewriting agency it is. An interesting job, for you never know what you'll be called upon to type, or where you'll be sent to take dictation. It may be a harassed business man whose confidential secretary has flu. Janice pities these. They're like fishes out of water, poor dears, floundering helplessly in a welter of correspondence. They never remember what they replied to that last letter from so-and-so, or what order someone else is referring to. At times Janice is inclined to wonder who really runs the business, the Big Man himself or his demure little confidential secretary? But she never mentioned these thoughts. You can't if you want to get on in the world.

Janice did. Ambition had replaced her childish hunger for romance. Whenever she passed down Fifth Avenue on her way to the office, for it was a very fashionable typewriting agency indeed, and saw a chic model lying in solitary elegance against a velvet background, she'd murmur, "I'll be buying gowns like that some day myself." Or, when she went to some amusingly matron's house to take dictation or send out party invitations, she'd look at the lovely, elegant lady without envy and think, "I'll be like you some day." Of course, she didn't know how this was to come about. She only felt it. But she knew her chance was coming, and when it did come it would find her ready.

There had been one or two boys the past year, of course. Young clerks in offices who'd taken Janice to cheap meals and the talkies. But these outings hadn't been an unqualified success.

They were nice enough lads, but their outlook was limited. They saw no further than a small villa in the suburbs. Janice saw different things. Clothes and hats with magic foreign labels, Monte Carlo at season. A duplex apartment on Park Avenue.

One disappointed fellow exclaimed, "How do you think you'll get all those things? You'll never come by them honestly."

Janice laughed. "Then I guess I'll never have them. I'm not worrying anyhow. I've got my work."

She was keen on her job. Work and independence seemed to her infinitely preferable to life in a villa with a husband who was absent all day and too tired when he came home evenings to do more than take off his shoes, light a pipe and read his newspaper. "That may be romance," she'd laugh, "but it certainly isn't my idea of it."

"Just wait till you fall in love, Miss Smarty," one of the girls flung back at her.

"Love"? Just for a moment a twinge of pain twisted Janice's lips. Then she smiled. "Oh, I'll never fall in love that way. I'm far too modern."

Today the boss sent for her. "Miss Jordan, there's a call to go to an apartment house on Park Avenue to take dictation. Gentleman's apartment. Name of Saunders."

Janice made a note of it. In the outer office she grimaced wryly to the other girls, murmuring, "Gentleman's apartment. Wonder if he's one of those?"

Somebody uttered "The boss has been hearing out rather a lot of 'those' lately," she said.

Janice blew back a lock of warm brown hair that fell sideways across her forehead. "I'm ready for him if he is." And her grey eyes glinted fiercely.

"Those" were the only stumbling blocks to Janice's present position. "Those" were gentlemen of leisure who had letters to dictate if the girl wasn't pretty. If she was, they didn't bother.

Janice set a gold and green knitted beret at the back of her head, slipped into a light green leather walking coat, powdered her nose, touched her lips slightly with the contents of a tiny golden tube. She did this automatically, with no idea of impressing Mr. Saunders, whoever he might be. She would as soon have gone out without her dress as the make-up on her face. "I'd feel awfully embarrassed. As though I were naked," she thought.

Outside, the sun was shining. Spring had fought a hard won entry into New York. Winter, that heavy old greybeard, had been very reluctant to concede it fair play. It had tried to hog the whole country for an extra month. But now the dull old fellow was gone and good riddance to him. There was sunshine, a warm breeze, and puff clouds like white banners of peace against a background of blue.

The smart society ladies had come out to do the day promenade. They walked, on their high heeled kid shoes, up and down Fifth Avenue, admiring the new Spring models displayed.

"I wonder what it would feel like to have enough money to go in and buy?" Janice thought. "My, it must be a thrill!"

She didn't hurry herself, this bright Spring morning. She wasn't over anxious to reach her destination. "Gentleman's apartment," she thought with distaste, "if he is a gentleman why doesn't he come down to the office anyhow and save me a tramp?"

A low slung car, racing model, flashed by. Its red fenders were ablaze in the sunlight. Janice only saw the driver a moment, but vaguely, he reminded her of Kent Wilburn. She half expected her heart to leap up, then fall with a thump. But it didn't and she was grateful.

"Thank goodness I'm over that," she sighed. "If Kent came to me now with his proposition I wouldn't be surprised. I'd have expected it from the first. What a child I was then! Gosh, I've traveled a long way since then."

Though, as a matter of fact, she hadn't traveled half as far as she thought she had. The child was still very much there in her wide awake grey eye. A child who would have come out and romped gaily, given the least encouragement.

The apartment house was a most expensive looking establishment. A modernistic building with a high grey stone facade, and huge oblong windows encased in metal. Janice stood, her head back, staring up at it. Her suspicions returned.

"He's rich," she thought, "and if the rich ones do have genuine business, usually they've an office to do it in."

The hall porter, a most imposing looking gentleman in green velours and brass buttons, said loftily that "a young person from Whiteway's Agency was expected by No. 202."

"You 'young per-on' me again and I'll give you something to think about," Janice flashed back at him. "Who do you think you are, the Emperor of Abyssinia?"

"None of your sauce," said the hall porter. Then to the liftman. "Take the young lady up to Mr. Saunders' apartment, please."

"That's better," said Janice. And she waved airily to him as she stepped into the elevator.

Mr. Saunders' manservant admitted her. He was a suave, ugly little man who moved about on cat's feet. "The master won't keep you waiting long," he said.

While she waited Janice wandered about the sitting room. A tastefully furnished room it was, in varying tones of grey. The chairs and tables were modernistic in design, like the building. square, with metal bars for arms and legs.

"Nice place," thought Janice "But it isn't home somehow. Flowers would help it. A big golden bowl of yellow tulips on that table, for instance. And cushions—scarlet and orange, to give the room color."

So engrossed was she in her plans for redecoration that she didn't hear footsteps enter the room. But then, they were muffled by the thick grey carpet. Presently she became aware that someone was looking at her. She felt it as you do feel it, even though you can't see who the someone is. She turned swiftly and saw a slight man of medium height, looking her over with an odd, quizzical expression. He wasn't handsome at all. He had friendly brown eyes and thick brown hair, slightly grey at the temples. About forty-two or so, she judged him.

"Don't be angry, please," he said gently. "But I couldn't help staring at you. You looked so young and alive standing there in the sunlight. You seemed to give the room color."

Janice was so astonished that she found herself nodding and answering "Yes, the room does need color, doesn't it? That's what I was thinking."

"Everything needs color," he replied gravely. "Lives need color, some as rooms do. But, sometimes, it's more difficult to bring color into a life. At least, that's my experience." He smiled whimsically, twistedly. Janice was more astonished at his face was at a loss in what category to place this man. He wasn't the brusk efficient business type. Yet, although he had paid her a compliment, he didn't strike her as being one of "those" either.

Janice said, "I gather you have some letters you want to dictate?"

He nodded. "Oh, yes. . . but they're not really important."

Janice stiffened, like a little soldier going into battle. So he was one of "those." He must be —after that. She felt a little weary, and she knew a vague ache of disappointment. Somehow she had liked the looks of him.

"All the same we'd better get on with those letters. I have to be back at the office. My time's money, you know," she said sternly.

He flushed a little in embarrassment. "I'm quite willing to pay you for the time I waste," he said diffidently. "Won't you sit down?"

Janice sat down. Right on the edge of one of those queer looking modern chairs. She felt very much like the proverbial cat on hot bricks, ready to spring up and fly at the least provocation. Out of her large, red, patent-leather handbag Janice took her notebook, poised her pencil in the air, said, in her most efficient office manner, "Well?"

Mr. Saunders smiled at her. At least his eyes smiled. "You're a very determined young lady, aren't you?" he said.

"One has to be determined—I with some people," said Janice. And she threw him what she intended to be a dirty look.

Mr. Saunders laughed outright. His laughter was boyish, much more boyish than you would have expected from his rather dried up appearance. "I've read about the modern young business girl. You can't pick up a paper nowadays without reading about them. They're the wonder of the age, according to the press. But you're the first one I've ever met in the flesh."

Janice's grey eyes opened wider. She asked, before she remembered that her role was to be stiff and dignified. "But wherever have you been living?"

"Chile," he said shortly. "In an isolated part of it. I'm British born, though I haven't been home for some fifteen years. You see," he explained, "it was rather ghastly out there and I felt if I did go home on a holiday it would be sheer torture to go out there again. So I pegged away at it until I'd made enough money to clean out for good. I'm through now. I thought I'd visit the States for a while on my way home. I've always wanted to see New York. Besides, by best friend is an American. I'm meeting him here."

Janice wriggled a little further back in the chair. The gesture was instinctive, reflecting a return of confidence. "And I bet it's wonderful now you are here," she said enthusiastically.

"Wonderful?" He stared down at a gay golden pool of sunlight on the grey carpet. "I don't know. . . Perhaps I expected too much. When you've been looking forward to something very much, well, it's got to be very wonderful, you know, to satisfy you."

"And you aren't satisfied?" Janice leant forward inquisitively, cupping her rounded tweed knees with her small white hands.

He said slowly, "It's so hard to enjoy things by oneself. . . I think I'm a little lonely."

Janice straightened again. Every girl, at least every girl in Janice's position, knows what to expect from an older man when he says he's lonely. A suggestion will follow that they dine together, that, after dinner she

(Continued on Page 17)

Don't LET LITTLE COUGHS GROW UP!

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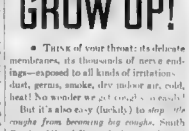

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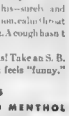

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Rich-looking . . . Orderly

[illegible] hair back, natural gloss and [illegible] to keep in place [illegible] that rich, glossy, [illegible] Glostora [illegible]

[illegible] Glostora [illegible] your [illegible] or [illegible] brush or will then stay [illegible] just as you comb it

Glostora [illegible] the hair and makes it [illegible] Helps even stubborn hair—[illegible] to stay in record.

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Get Glostora [illegible] the scalp soft, and [illegible] It's like restoring the natural [illegible] oil to your hair. Glostora [illegible] Helps [illegible]

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Glostora
FOR THE HAIR

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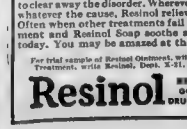

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Resinol
GOOD DRUGGISTS

This Way To Happiness

By Maysie G[illegible]

(Continued from Page 16)

come up and have a drink in h[illegible] apartment.

"Well, if you've got money you'll find plenty of people ready to help you to spend it," she said sharply. Very determinedly she opened her notebook again.

"But I know no one here," he told her. "And even back in England I've lost track of most of my old friends. Of course, there are my relations. But my sister and I don't get on very well. Besides she's always trying to marry me off."

"You aren't married?" asked Janice. She could have kicked herself afterwards. This was [illegible] Whether he was married or not had nothing to do with it.

"I couldn't have asked any woman to live out in that hole," he said sharply. "And now, well, I'm not a very romantic figure, I suppose."

Janice found herself looking him over more critically. No, not romantic, but quite pleasant looking. She liked his nice humorous eyes and that thick hair of his.

"I don't see why you shouldn't marry . . . some nice sensible woman," she offered.

He sprang up at that, and started to pace up and down the carpet.

"But I don't want to marry some nice sensible woman." She was surprised at the vehemence of his tone. "I want my wife to be pretty and glamorous and gay. Didn't I tell you I wanted color, lots of color, to make me forget those long drab years of my life? I want to marry someone young, with a great unappeasable zest for life. Someone who'll make me travel from one resort to another, the more exotic and expensive the better I'll be pleased. I've had enough of quaint out of the way places, of those bamboo huts, of living off badly cooked fish and wild game. I want our lives to be a gay procession from one luxury hotel to another, each one grander and more magnificent than the last. I want . . ." He stopped himself suddenly and a slight color rose up under his thick brown tan. Then he laughed ruthlessly. "Sorry I let all that out. But if you'd lived the life I have for the past fifteen years . . ."

A pause. Janice rested her elbow points against the hard metal arms of the chair, raising herself slightly in her excitement.

"I do under-tand," she said quickly. "I want things like that, too. I'd do anything to get them." Then, suddenly, she flushed scarlet. She was covered with confusion.

"Do you?"

He was gazing directly down at her now. As though he were summing her up. Her embarrassment was acute. She could even feel the fibres of her ears stinging. And, in her sensitive state, the silence seemed to have an odd breathless quality to it.

"Hadn't we better get on with those letters?" she stammered.

He nodded, absently. "Very well."

But, all the while she was taking down the dictation, Janice couldn't keep her mind on her work. Somehow she felt so sorry for him. Funny, she reflected, to crave all that life, colorful life, when you were wizened and getting on in years. Awful at forty to want to live at the tempo of twenty.

"Poor old chap," she thought, "wish I could help him."

But it was no business of hers.

Mr. Saunders Was Looking Round Janice's Room With Pleasure. "It's jolly, isn't it? So colorful. I wish mine was more like that."

CHAPTER III.

Janice Has An Intuition.

"WELL, was he one of those?" asked the little red-haired typist pertly, when Janice got back.

For some reason today the question annoyed Janice.

"No, he was not," she said sharply.

The red-haired girl laughed. "You needn't be so high hat about it or I'll begin to suspect something."

Janice got on with her work. But her thoughts would stray. She was relieved when six o'clock came.

On her way home she walked past one of the smart hotels. Society was leisurely drifting in for dinner. Black, shiny-hatted men and women in colorful wraps, fur-collared, ermine-collared. The heels of their satin evening shoes were so ridiculously high they might have been walking on stilts. Janice lingered, watching them. She thought, "It's funny that Mr. Saunders has the money to be one of them. He'd like to be one of them, too. But not just a spectator. He'd like to be part of it. Pity he doesn't pick up with someone . . . poor little man."

Queer, how the thought of Mr. Saunders obsessed her. She didn't seem able to get him out of her head. She thought of him again as she prepared her supper. Lamb cutlet tonight, green peas, new potatoes, for a treat. Frosty, the kitten, rolled round her feet in circles, a white, woolly ball. She had rescued him a week ago from an urchin who'd been about to drop him down the drain. He said he'd been given a quarter to get rid of the kitten. Janice had clasped the tiny, wriggling mass fiercely in her arms and brought him home.

But her thoughts weren't on Frosty now. They were on Mr. Saunders.

"Suppose he's having dinner now," she thought, "sitting up there stiffly in that grey, colorless room of his, with that mean-key-faced manservant waiting on him. Bet he's eating wonderful things, but bet he doesn't taste them at all. Whereas here I am eating things that aren't wonderful and not tasting them much either. He's lonely. Maybe I'm a bit lonely, too."

But, a moment later, she wouldn't have that. She was a modern, self-reliant business girl. A bachelor girl. And according to the best modern traditions bachelor girls are never lonely. They've got too much sense.

At the office, next day, the boss stopped at her desk to say, "That Mr. Saunders you went to yesterday for dictation wants you to come again today at 12 o'clock."

Janice couldn't decide whether she was pleased or not. "What's his game?" she thought. "Or hasn't he any game? Is he just lonesome?" The thought made her feel warm and friendly toward him. "Rum," she reflected, "him being willing to pay me just to talk to him. If he's real lonely I might go in after hours and chat for a while, that'd save him the expense." For she had discerned, yesterday, that Mr. Saunders' letters weren't important at all.

This day the hall porter bowed to her mockingly and said: "Will your ladyship be gracious enough to step into the elevator?"

Janice did. But, in doing so, she dropped her portable typewriter on the hall porter's toe. "End of round two," she said.

Mr. Saunders was waiting for her. His brown eyes lit eagerly as she came into the room. "You needn't have brought that," he said, eyeing the typewriter distastefully, "as a matter of fact I suggested twelve in the hope that you'd lunch with me. What about the Ritz?"

Janice shook her small head determinedly. The beret wagged roguishly.

"Nothing doing," she said. "To begin with you'd have to pay the agency for every moment of the time. And, secondly, I'm not dressed for it."

Mr. Saunders said, as men always say, "You look very nice as you are."

"But I wouldn't feel right," Janice insisted. "I wouldn't feel I belonged. And I'd rather eat at a hash house than go to the Ritz and feel I didn't belong. That the other women were noticing my clothes and wondering if I'd crawled in through the drain pipe."

Mr. Saunders looked quite crestfallen. He frowned and bit his lip. Then his thin face brightened. "I have it," he said "Let's go out now and I'll buy you a dress. Loads of fun that—women's dress shops fascinate me, you know. I stare in 'em sometimes. I guess they think I'm a nasty old man trying to see more than I should! But I'm not—'pon my honor. It's the gowns themselves that fascinate me. The lovely colors. When for year you've seen nothing in the way of women's clothes but draped bits of sacking. . . . Come along. Any shop you say. I'll enjoy it."

Janice continued to shake her head. The beret had slipped so far back it was more like a green and gold halo than an ordinary hat.

"I couldn't let you buy me a dress!" she said emphatically.

"Why not?" he demanded in sudden exasperation. "You'd let me buy you chocolates, wouldn't you? And orchids that would probably cost twice as much, and be of no earthly use to you either."

Janice admitted it. When he put it like that her objection did sound stupid. Still, her reaction against his buying her a dress were instinctive. She said so.

"Darned if I can get the hang of this present day morality," he exploded, as he paced up and down the grey carpet in [illegible] nervous strides. "It seems all right to buy a girl everything that is utterly useless, but nothing she really wants. It isn't logical. I suppose I got used to thinking logically, being so much alone. I'll have to get over it."

Janice couldn't decide if he was joking or not. Certainly a sparkle was in his warm brown eyes, but whether of anger or humor she couldn't tell.

Impulsively she said, and afterwards she was amazed at her own effrontery, "I'll have dinner with you tonight though, if you like."

His whole face lit up. The creases in his thin cheeks vanished miraculously. "That's capital. I was hoping you'd suggest something like that. I didn't like to, you see. Frightened you'd think I had some ulterior motive, an old man like me."

Janice said indignantly, "You're not very old."

"Forty-two," he admitted.

It was decided then, he should call for her at seven. Janice spent her luncheon hour rushing around in search of a new gown. Something colorful. Her present evening dress was black, and she felt it would disappoint him. Oddly, he reminded her of a child anticipating his first Christmas tree. His eyes ache for the tinsel, the gaudy ribbons, the tiny gay candles.

"Playing nursemaid to an old gentleman of forty-two. Actually dressing for the part! You ought to be ashamed of yourself," laughed Janice once she was alone.

At last the gown was found. A slightly shop soiled model. Cornflower blue, that made her eyes blue instead of grey when he was [illegible]

(Continued on Page 30)

Somewhere between 30 and 40 gray hairs can't be avoided, but are you satisfied to grow grayer and grayer, to LOOK older and FEEL older when Farr's, the standard, modern preparation for modern people, is so easily obtainable in every city in the United States? FARR'S is harmless as your lipstick and leaves a soft, natural, lively appearance. All hair one even shade, not the dead look from old-fashioned preparations. Any shade, $1.35. Sold everywhere.

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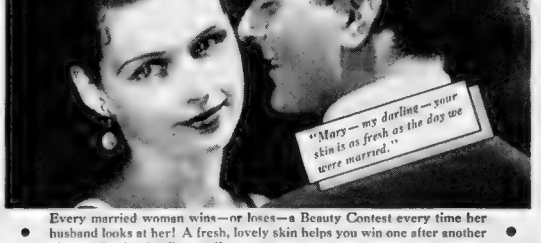

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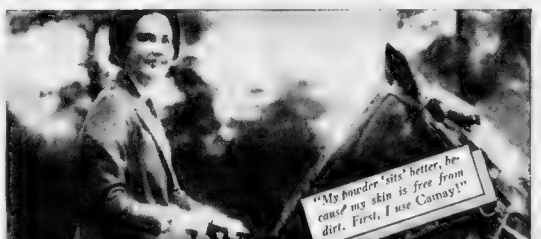

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The Spanish Lady

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

M[illegible]

"Will it disturb you," I Said, "if I sit here and watch?" Although, of Course, I Meant to Stay, Anyway, Unless He Actually Threw Me Out.

[illegible] me a quick smile. "As a matter of fact I've counted on it. Inspiration and all that." He began to sketch rapidly with a bit of crayon. "I can do this and talk at the same time, you know. Stunning looking creature, wasn't she? Regular mandolier, from all accounts."

"I'll tell you a strange thing," I said. "I dreamed about her the other night. She stood before me, looking down at a man lying on the floor—a man she had killed, apparently, since there was a knife in his back. You told me, didn't you, that she had stabbed her husband? Queer, don't you think?"

Mr. Tennant paused in his sketching, crayon in air.

"Queer! My dear Miss Mason, it's—why, it's positively uncanny. Didn't I say she was a witch? You believe in witches, don't you?"

"I don't know. I never have, up to now. But there is something strange about this lady of the conceits, just the same. Something I don't understand. That's her coat of arms, isn't it, at the top of the frame?"

"Why, yes. The thing was probably made in Spain. Or by a Spanish workman, at least. Being the wife of one Spanish grandee and the daughter of another, I suppose she preferred her own to those of a simple English baronet. Are you interested in heraldry?"

"Not particularly. But I am interested in that crest, because I found a bit of green stone on the drawing room floor the other night, with the same device carved on it."

This time Mr. Tennant not only stopped sketching, but dropped his crayon as well. As he stooped to recover it, I thought his face grew suddenly red.

"What did you make of that?" he mumbled, hunting about for the bit of charcoal.

I told him much about the mysterious voices in the drawing room, and as I had heard at night, the ghostly pulling of my bell-cord, the queer light in the guard room.

"I didn't know what to make of it, then, and I don't now," I said. "The most natural explanation of the green seal is that one one must have dropped it from a ring. And I can't imagine but one person wearing such a ring."

"I suppose you mean Sir Evelyn Denbeigh?" he said quickly.

"Why, yes. A family heirloom. Handed down for generations."

Mr. Tennant shook his head.

"Sir Evelyn isn't the sort of man to break into anyone's house in the middle of the night. Absolutely not. Couldn't happen, I assure you."

"Well," I said, "I have the stone ready to return it to its owner whenever he asks for it."

Just then I noticed that Mr. Tennant was wearing a ring on the little finger of his left hand, but I could not see the setting because it was turned inward, toward his palm. He must have seen the direction of my glance, for he colored slightly and seemed somehow embarrassed. Which was silly, because of course the stone could not have belonged to him.

"I shouldn't think you would want to stay on in such a spooky old place," he remarked after a time.

"I don't," I said. "And now my stepfather is talking of buying it."

Once more Mr. Tennant stopped his sketching.

"Are you in earnest?" he asked.

"Of course I am," I said, laughing.

"But you told me only the other day that he hadn't the least idea of staying here—that your mother would never like it, so far from town."

I remembered then that I had said something of the sort, and it was my turn to be confused. What excuse could I offer for Mr. Hawley's sudden change of mind? That he was planning to buy the place in order to make away with the family jewels? Whatever I might say, now, would be certain to prove embarrassing later on, should the matter of the emeralds ever become public. The thought of lying to further Mr. Hawley's schemes was disgusting, yet I could see no way out of it, short of a full confession.

"My mother has changed her mind," I said lamely.

Mr. Tennant nodded and went on with his sketching. I felt, somehow, that my explanation had not entirely satisfied him, and all the joy I had expected to find in our morning together, at once vanished. It was the Spanish Lady, of course, who was responsible. I saw her painted eyes fixed mockingly upon me and shivered. Her crest, cut in a bit of stone, had caused the first embarrassment in our pleasant friendship—her emeralds, the second. Was I to be forever subject to her whims, to stand helpless while she reached out from her grave and interfered with my slightest plans? It was preposterous.

"If you admire this picture so much," I said, a queer thought stirring in my brain, "I wonder you don't ask Sir Evelyn to sell it to you."

"Do you know," he smiled, "I've thought of that. Only disadvantage about the plan is, I shouldn't be able to see you."

"Why not?" I asked.

"True enough," he replied, giving me a quick, keen look. "Why not, if you wish it?"

"Of course I wish it," I said, determined to be quite frank. "Why shouldn't I? I like you. When I heard you wanted to copy the picture, I was glad, because I hoped it would give me an opportunity to know you better. I was afraid that otherwise I might not see you again. I'm quite shameless, you notice, but at least I'm honest. And rather lonely, most of the time."

(Continued on Page 19)

CHAPTER VIII.

Richard Tries Sketching.

CURIOUSLY enough, Mr. Tennant, by reason of a quality which I have often noticed in him, gave one the impression of being very well dressed, while wearing what was actually a disgracefully shabby and well-cut suit of tweeds. He explained, with a grin, that he kept one in a cool place and one for muddy brushes on. He had just come over from the villa, and I met him with a boy who carried a wooden easel under one arm and a stretcher of canvas under the other.

"I had to guess at the size," he said, "but as near as two one way or the other doesn't much matter. May I go right on?"

I led the way to the studio. After the canvas had been set up with the easel upon it, Mr. Tennant sent the boy back to the car for his box of paints. When the young man returned, the two of them left the Spanish Lady, centered from the door and set to work—the wicked table, its back to the light against the wall.

"Bring light," Mr. Tennant said, squinting at the picture through his extended fingers. "Put the easel over here, Martin, if you please, and then you may go."

"You'll need a high stool, won't you?" I said, when the boy had left. Mr. Tennant was removing brushes, bits of crayon, a palette, from his box.

"Thanks awfully. I can do very well with this." He pulled a small marble-topped stand from a corner, perched himself upon it.

"Will it disturb you," I said "if I sit here and watch?" Although, of course, I meant to stay, anyway, unless he actually threw me out.

"I should say not." He gave

The girl they talked about was charming, but—

A HOUSE PARTY—charming girls, Dorothy especially. And yet...

"Weren't you shocked at Dorothy?" they whispered... "Why *does* she wear her underthings a second day? Everybody perspires a little and it's so easy to offend."

HOW can she take such chances with *personal daintiness*? Underthings constantly absorb perspiration acids and odors. These become noticeable so soon. Fresh lingerie *each* day is actually *more* important than the daily bath.

It is so easy to wear fresh things every day! For Lux is made to remove perspiration acids and odors completely, yet saves colors and fabrics, keeps them like new. And it takes only four minutes or less.

Follow this dainty habit—Lux your underthings and stockings after *every* wearing. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Underthings absorb perspiration. Avoid offending... *Protect daintiness this way:*

Wash this 4-minute way: 1 tablespoon of Lux does 1 day's undies—stockings, too! Squeeze suds through fabric, rinse twice, shake.

Wash after each wearing. Perspiration acids left in silk fade colors and weaken threads

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Instantly, Effectively, Safely

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Color: ☐ Blond ☐ Lt. Brown ☐ Med. Brown ☐ Brown ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Black

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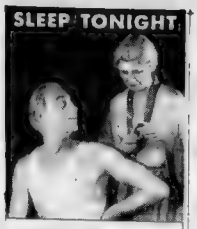

MR. WHITE: *Thank goodness we have some Sloan's in the house tonight!*

MRS. WHITE *The pain will soon stop now and you'll get a full night's rest*

LAME BACK —lumbago

Don't lose sleep because of painful back or lumbago. You get quick relief with Sloan's. It brings fresh blood to the sore spot the minute you put it on—and its soothing warmth quiets the pain. You relax—and sleep soundly all night . . . Get a fresh bottle today at your druggist's. Only 35¢.

SLOAN'S Liniment WARMS LIKE SUNSHINE

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field

The Spanish Lady

By F. [illegible] Kummer

(Continued from Page 18)

gry, too . . . it with my life, because of what I had said. I caught sight of that Spanish devil's scarlet lips, twisted in her wicked snarl—thought of her emeralds, in the crypt beneath my feet, and it seemed to me for a moment that the evil spirit of Hernando Leon in the room beside me, tearing away at my little romance until nothing should be left of it. I suppose it was anger that brought the tears to my eyes. Then suddenly Mr. Tennant was holding my hands.

"You mustn't do that," he whispered, "you really mustn't. I quite understand."

"No, you don't," I told him, which was true enough.

"I understand this much, at least: that your stepfather, if he buys the picture, will have a perfect right to withdraw his permission to copy it."

"His reasons, whatever they may be, have nothing to do with you—or with me," I stammered. "I can't tell you what they are, but—"

"I haven't any right to ask," Mr. Tennant said gravely, wiping the paint from his palette.

"And you—you're not angry with me?"

"Of course I'm not," he said. "All the portraits in the world aren't going to make me so, either." And then, quite suddenly, the evil thing that had stood between us vanished and we were both smiling as though nothing had happened at all.

We went down through the garden, then, Mr. Tennant having suggested that it was far too lovely a day, anyhow, to spend indoors messing with a lot of paints, and sat, as we had done that first day, between the posts of the little gate. There was the green and white sweep of the sea beneath us, and the blue overhead, and the sunshine all about, to say nothing of Mr. Tennant's shoulder pressed close against mine, just as though the Spanish Lady and all her [illegible] had never come into our [illegible]

We talked of this and that, and mostly of ourselves, in all sorts of roundabout ways, and finally agreed between us that Mr. Tennant would not go on with his painting until he had first seen my stepfather, and that he would call that evening at half-past eight and ask Mr. Hawley point blank about the picture.

This suited me exactly. I had made up my mind to have things out with Alvin Hawley before Mr. Tennant arrived. Emeralds or no emeralds, I did not propose to tell any more lies for him. The friendship which had begun between Richard and myself was far too precious a thing to be lost. I wrote of it as friendship but I knew even then that it was something more. Heaven knows what I should have done had I known what dreadful things that Spanish devil had in store for us!

CHAPTER IX.

An Unpleasant Conference.

IT was six o'clock when Mr. Hawley came back from the city and the instant I heard his voice I knew he was in a vile humor. He did not dress for dinner, but sat with Sylvia in the great hall. They were arguing about something, as I came downstairs.

I went up to them at once. I am not a particularly combative person, but I like to say what I have to say frankly and get it over with. Mr. Hawley, however, did not give me a chance.

"Marian!" he exclaimed, wheeling on me. "I have something to say to you. In private." He turned toward the drawing room, his expression cold, forbidding. Sylvia did not join us—it had evidently been prearranged.

"If it's about Mr. Tennant and the picture," I began, but he interrupted me.

"It's about more than that. In the first place, I've bought Yew Manor."

"Yes?" I answered, wondering what was coming next.

"And it seems, from what your mother tells me, that you know why."

"Yes," I said again, determined to be quite frank with him.

"Very well. I think I should tell you this. In order to buy the place, I shall be obliged to use all of my available resources."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed.

"Not at all." His voice was hard as granite. "I'm paying two hundred thousand dollars for the property."

I gasped at this.

"Two hundred thousand dollars! You said it wasn't worth over a hundred."

"It isn't. That scoundrel Cobb must have realized in some way that I wanted it and held out for a staggering price. He and his principal, Denbeigh. A pair of sharpers, blast them!"

I could not help smiling at that. Mr. Hawley accusing Sir Evelyn of being a sharper for asking a big price for the place, when Mr. Hawley himself, if he got hold of those emeralds, would be defrauding Sir Evelyn out of a million or more dollars.

"Remember this," he went on, even more grimly; "if anything goes wrong, we're ruined. Not myself alone, but you and your mother as well."

"Why tell me about it?" I said. "I haven't urged you to buy the house. In fact, I've been opposed to it from the start. If I had been in your place I couldn't have waited to go to Sir Evelyn with the news about that secret message—"

Mr Hawley favored me with a cold stare.

"When I need your advice," he muttered, "I'll ask for it. Now that I've bought the place, signed the contract, paid down a large sum in cash, the house and everything in it belongs to me. Kindly understand that. As for why I am telling you all this, here's the reason. If you say anyone, to anybody about the message on that linen square, we'll all be in a nasty mess—some of us! Including, if you care anything for your mother—I know very well you don't for me—you'll keep quiet. At least until we get back to America. And don't forget—you're in the thing too. You knew about the message before I bought the house. You'll be as guilty as any of us. I'll see to that."

I stared into his narrow, icy-grey eyes and wondered more than ever how Sylvia could have married him. Such a contemptible man, trying to frighten me by dragging me into his dirty schemes.

"As for that young fellow who's copying the picture, he'll have to quit," Mr. Hawley went on. "It's my picture, now, not Sir Evelyn's. I've bought it. Understand?" He gave me an unpleasant stare, puzzled, no doubt, by my silence.

"Yes," I said. "I understand. You want to dig up the slab in the crypt, and are afraid to have Mr. Tennant working in the room above for fear he might hear you at it!"

"How did you know about the crypt?" he demanded.

"I asked Purvis to show it to me."

"You fool!" In his excitement little drops of perspiration began to run down his cheeks. "Can't you see how you must have [illegible] you are going to make trouble with Purvis. I shouldn't be surprised if you'd have to buy him off. But that's your affair, not mine. I refuse to take any part in your grave-robbing schemes. Or to lie to Sir. Tennant. What do you want me to tell him about the picture? That you've gone back on your word?"

"Tell him what you please, only keep him away from here. It's my house, isn't it?"

"I can't insult him," I said.

"Why can't you? What difference does it make?"

"Well," I told him, trying very hard to keep my temper, "for one reason because I like him too much—"

"I thought so." There was a nasty sneer in Mr. Hawley's voice. "I know you'd fall for him. After your money, of course. I said so, from the start. If he only knew the truth."

"He does know the truth," I blazed out. "I've seen to that. I told him this morning that I haven't a cent. If I like him, that's my affair. And I think, as matters stand, that you had better speak to me more politely. You may [illegible] but I am not [illegible] and I will not be spoken to in such a manner. I'm sorry I ever [illegible] you married mother, but I thought it unlikely that Mr Tennant would. And I don't want a row."

I went to the window and stared out into the darkness for a few minutes, wondering just what I had best do. Presently the door of the room was pushed open and Mr. Hawley reappeared, looking very ill-tempered and grim. Behind him came Purvis and Crocker, carrying the Spanish Lady's portrait.

"Put it down for a moment," Mr. Hawley commanded, without so much as a glance at me, "and get the step ladder." Crocker went out. I saw at once that the picture was about to be replaced where it had hung, over the mantel, which was Mr. Hawley's way of telling Mr. Tennant that he could not go on with his work. My face flushed, of course, for I knew that no further explanations would be necessary or even possible, now. Furious, I stalked out of the room

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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RIGHT NOW

HERPICIDE will—we would not! Send coupon today for generous sample and see for yourself why thousands of men and women have used this original scalp germicide for years. Herpicide keeps it clean, vigorous, lustrous—but not oily. Twice-a-week massage [illegible] itching and destructive dandruff. Herpicide will improve your appearance. Sold at drug counters. Applied by leading barbers.

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Enclosed 10 cents for sample
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Mr.
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What Oxygen does to coffee flavor

(1) Loose or bag coffee loses 65% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting

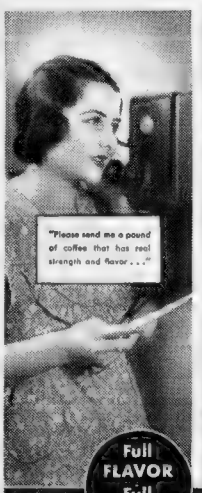
(2) Coffee in old-fashioned cans of cardboard canvas loses 45% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting

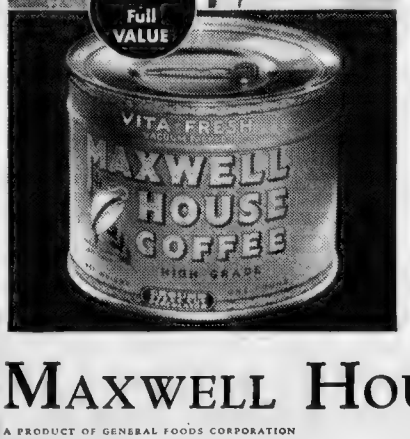
All due to the attack of Oxygen—always in the air

IT'S THE AIR INSIDE THE PACKAGE THAT RUINS COFFEE FLAVOR!

OXYGEN in *any* coffee package cheats you of *flavor*

Only Maxwell House is completely protected against this coffee racketeer —by the VITA-FRESH *Process*





THE moment coffee comes from the roaster, Oxygen, in the air, attacks it—rapidly stealing away its flavor.

So, whenever you buy coffee, whether it is packed in paper bags, cartons, moisture-proof wrappings, old-type cans or vacuum, it's important to remember one question if you want to get the full flavor you pay for.

The question: IS THERE AIR *INSIDE* THE PACKAGE?

If there is—coffee deteriorates, loses flavor.

If there isn't, coffee keeps its full flavor indefinitely.

Only one coffee is packed by the method that completely removes and excludes all trace of air (Oxygen) from the sealed can. That coffee is Maxwell House—packed by the new Vita-Fresh Process.

It's the same famous Southern blend of fine coffees that has delighted two generations of coffee lovers, but it tastes finer—infinitely finer than *any* coffee has *ever* tasted, as it comes to you with all its deliciousness intact.

Ask your grocer for a pound today. At the very first sip you'll discover what a world of coffee enjoyment you've been missing.

THURSDAY NIGHT

Don't forget to tune in on Lanny Ross and the famous Maxwell House Orchestra — broadcast over WJZ — N.B.C. chain, every Thursday, 9:30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

SHAMPOOING *this way . . . gives your hair* NEW BEAUTY

Results are amazing! *Your hair looks utterly different from hair washed with ordinary soap.* Costs only a few cents to use.

FORTUNATELY, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck. To-day, its lustre . . . its alluring liveliness . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A film consisting of dust and dirt is constantly forming on the hair. It allowed to remain, it hides the life and lustre and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this DINGY COATING and let the sparkle and rich natural COLOR TONES of the hair show.

Why Ordinary Washing Fails

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep this coating removed, the careless practice of rubbing a cake of soap over your hair . . . (something hairdressers NEVER DO) . . . invariably leaves small particles of undissolved soap on the hair, which dulls and mars its beauty.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, common in ordinary soaps. The use alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, who value beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product not only cleanses the hair thoroughly, but is so mild and so pure that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair crack, no matter how often you use it.

Saves Time—Costs Only A Few Cents

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified are sufficient for a quick and truly professional shampoo at home—and it costs ONLY A FEW CENTS TO USE. It makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . with which to work the hair, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will be amazed at the difference in the appearance of your hair the VERY FIRST TIME you use Mulsified. For it will be . . . so lustrously clean, soft and silky . . . and so easy to set and manage.

The next time you wash your hair, try a Mulsified shampoo. See for yourself, how it brings out all the waves and color and how . . . really beautiful, bright and fresh-looking . . . your hair will look. When you see it shimmer with "new life" and sparkle with that "gloss and lustre" which everyone admires, you will never again be content to wash your hair with ordinary soap.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world.

A 4 oz. bottle should last for months.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

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This Way To Happiness

By Maysie Greig

Out of Her Large, Red, Patent-Leather Handbag Janice Took Her Notebook, Poised Her Pencil in the Air, and Said, in Her Most Efficient Office Manner, "Well?"

(Continued from Page 17)

ated the child she pretended wasn't there.

Hastily she flung bits of crepe undies under the divan bed, and under scarlet and orange cushions. Then she admitted Mr. Saunders. He entered with shy embarrassment. Coming into the room where a young lady slept, even though the bed was camouflaged, was a very daring act, indeed. The next moment he was looking round her room with pleasure.

"It's jolly, isn't it? So colorful. I wish mine was more like that."

Janice had to laugh. "This costs me a month what yours must cost per square inch."

"Ah, but this has the right touch. The home touch."

His voice was wistful. Janice found herself feeling sorry for him again. She tried to shake the feeling from her, as she preceded him down to where the auto he'd hired for the evening was waiting. This evening must be gay, she told herself. He was so obviously looking forward to it. Well, she was too, if it came to that.

They dined at the Ritz. Janice adored it. The silver cutlery sparkled and reflected a myriad lights. The white tablecloths looked as though they'd been polished. So many waiters, too. She felt dizzy counting them. The head waiter bowing over the menu; another rushing about with hot plates, a third serving them. And after the Ritz a bright musical comedy, followed by the fashionable Green Dragon Night Club.

She said in awe: "You are doing me well."

He patted her hand. But she didn't mind his doing that. He did it so kindly. "And you're making me very happy, Janice."

She didn't see how she was, except that she was happy herself. And excited. The atmosphere went to her head. She felt right, somehow, as if she'd always belonged in this rich, luxurious life. All her ambitions seemed attainable tonight. As easy to grasp as the red, blue and green balloons that drifted just above their heads. She stretched out a thin white arm to catch one. The feel of its fat smooth surface under her fingers gave her an added sensation of power.

Unfortunately, Mr. Saunders didn't dance. "I'd love to learn," he said as he leant across the table. More like a stall in a child's bazaar than a table, it was. Cluttered with paper hats, blowers, tin trumpets; speckled with multi-colored confetti, the flowers tangled in bright streamers. He added, "Do you think I'm too old?"

"Old?" Janice shrieked back at him. "Of course you're not too old." She had to shriek to be heard above the jazz band. For the moment it had gone mad with vivacity. The saxophones laughed, and sobbed at their laughter. The trombone brayed like a donkey, the drummer beat frantically, as though he were the whole show. Even the pianist had caught the excitement. His hands ran up and down the keys as if he'd lost control of them completely.

"Maybe I could take lessons?" he shouted back at her.

"I'll teach you," she offered impulsively, and added, when the music had subsided, "I'll drop round after office hours and we can have half an hour's practice."

Under his tan, his thin face crimsoned with pleasure. "That's awfully decent of you. Of course," he hesitated in embarrassment, "I'll see you don't lose by it."

Janice colored, too. She blew a soft strand of hair off her forehead before she said "No, I'm not quite a gold digger. If you spend all this money on me, it's up to me to do something in return."

He didn't say anything to this. But she felt him looking at her. In his eyes was a softness and a reverence she'd seen in no man's eyes before.

"Do you know you're a very wonderful little girl?" he said slowly.

She tried to laugh, as she usually did at compliments. But she couldn't. Her cheeks burnt hotly; her throat was so tight it was painful. She found herself saying, "Don't, please, think I'm too wonderful. I'm not wonderful, really. . . ." Her voice was queer, husky, flat.

"But you are," he insisted. And she knew he meant it. And, suddenly, as she sat there, a thought came to Janice. A thought so overwhelming it astounded her. She hadn't arrived at it consciously; it was her intuition working. "You can marry this man if you want to," it said.

Queer how strong this conviction was with Janice. She had never felt it before with any man. Not this certainty. She knew as well as she knew anything that, if all went well, Mr. Saunders would ask her to marry him. She thought about it when she got home that night, sitting cross-legged before the gas radiator waiting for the kettle to boil. She didn't think she could sleep anyhow. She felt all churned up inside, and she couldn't decide if she were more thrilled or frightened at the prospect.

She had fancied proposals came suddenly, from out of a clear sky. That girls were as astonished by them as they always pretend they had been afterward. But, she saw now, that couldn't be true. Apparently you always knew intuitively when a man meant to propose to you. It was up to you either to encourage him or to head him off.

Well, in the case of Mr. Saunders, what should she do? In one sense it seemed utterly fantastic; she had only just met him; he was an Englishman; he was twenty years older than she was; and she didn't even know his Christian name. But, in another sense, it was very logical. He was lonely; he wanted someone gay and young and attractive to spend his money and help him to live. She sensed he'd been attracted to her from the beginning. He wanted to marry, too. He was at the age when, if a man isn't married, he feels wrong. Yes, without being conceited, she could see the situation from Mr. Saunders' point of view. But how did she feel about it?

Frosty was tumbling in and out of her lap. Absentmindedly she prodded him with her finger. He turned somersaults in ecstasy. She thought, "I like him. He's nice and kind. He's got money, too. He can buy me everything I've always wanted . . . It would be very sensible, and not all one sided either. Each of us can give the other something."

The moon was very full and yellow tonight, outside her half-curtained window. It seemed to be peering in curiously, as though wondering what her decision would be. She looked up at it, and, somehow, her eyes were full of tears suddenly. And a little voice, which she hadn't paid any attention to yet, whispered, "What about love?"

Janice shook her head stubbornly, ashamed of her tears, and of that small voice, too. Once she had let herself fall in love. Look at the unhappiness it had brought her. "Oh, no," she said quickly, and aloud, "I'm too modern to fall in love like that again. Besides, how do I know anyone else will fall in love with me? There are so many girls who can't find husbands nowadays. I've got to look at this thing sensibly."

The moon slipped behind a cloud. It was very dark in the little room, and cold. She crouched closer to the radiator, and decided to make herself some coffee. While she was making it, she thought, "And, it's not as if he were unattractive. He is, in a quiet way. I'm sure I should grow very fond of him as a husband."

She drank her coffee, and got into bed. But she still felt chilly, and a little forlorn. She picked Frosty up, and he snuggled down beside her. But still she was cold.

She thought, "This room's rottenly cold. Think how comfortable I could make that apartment of his! But we wouldn't stay there in cold weather anyhow. There'd be Florida or the Riviera, North Africa, Monte Carlo in season. . . ."

She switched out the light and lay very still. The moon peered in again, full faced this time, so the whole little room was yellow with moonlight. Presently, because she was very tired, the room began to rock and sway.

Then it was no longer a room, but a large luxurious pleasure liner, sailing through calm deep blue seas, the sun throwing pure gold on its decks. . . .

The next time Janice saw Mr. Saunders he seemed changed. She stared at him hard. She scarcely recognized him. He seemed to have grown taller, to have broadened out, to have become more distinguished. His face, which she had thought thin and wizened she now decided was lean and at-

(Continued on Page 21)

Advertisement.

DANDRUFF
A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that has never failed to remove dandruff at once, and that is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon from any drug store (this is all you will need), apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, all itching and digging of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

PAIN! OH! LIKE KNIFE THRUSTS!

QUICK! AN ALLCOCKS PLASTER

PAIN GONE WHAT RELIEF

An Allcock's Plaster draws the pain out. Most important, an Allcock's Plaster, unlike liniments, is on the job all the time, soothing — healing — doing its work whilst you do yours. Chest — Back — Shoulders — Knees — wherever there's a stabbing pain which has to be removed — put an Allcock's Plaster on it. ALLCOCK'S. Remember that name, for you can't expect imitations to remove the pain. 25c from all qualified druggists.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER
DRAWS THE PAIN *OUT*

To Men With Tender Skins

Wet your face with hot or cold water. Squeeze a small quantity of **Cuticura Shaving Cream** on to your moistened brush. Watch how quickly it works up into a fine, creamy lather. Then shave and know what it is to have your face free from that tight, dry after-feeling.

At your dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of 25c.
Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Malden, Mass.

Cuticura Ointment + Cuticura Soap = Cuticura Shaving Cream

When Appetite Goes, Health Goes Too! • *Clean Out Poisons Here* • *With Fresh Yeast*

Sick at the very thought of food? How long can health exist under such conditions? Your whole system suffers when internal neglect cuts off the body's sustenance.

Doctors all know that without good health here, appetite and "pep" very quickly fall below par.

Yet how easy to restore health! Nature provides yeast®. It brings you blessed relief.

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Has Meal-time lost its 'KICK'?

REMEMBER how you used to look forward to your meals? "When do we eat?" you used to say.

Well, what has happened to you since then?

Where has your old appetite, your old hearty laugh—your joy in living—gone?

* * *

Intestinal sluggishness . . . *that's* the thing that takes the "kick" out of meal-time . . . steals the appetite, upsets digestion . . . yes, spoils good tempers and ruins homes!

And to think how easy it is to get rid of this trouble today! Listen . . .

Literally thousands of grateful men and women testify to the amazing value of fresh yeast in correcting constipation and the poor appetite, poor digestion, loss of "pep," etc., to which this evil leads. A food, yeast is used and prescribed by world-famous doctors.

Made a part of your regular daily diet, Fleischmann's Yeast mingles with the accumulated waste matter that has been clogging your intestines . . . softens it . . . "tones" the intestinal muscles so they can again perform their normal work easily and regularly.

Look out! That's usually a sign of a seriously deranged condition of your system *that must be corrected by all means*

Thus harmful poisons—the *cause* of your listlessness and distress—are daily passed off by your body. Digestive juices flow normally again. Appetite revives. A strong, healthy digestion is yours once more!

And in addition, you know, Fleischmann's Yeast richly supplies three indispensable health-giving elements lacking from most foods—vitamins B and G, and the remarkable "sunshine" vitamin—vitamin D.

So why go on suffering like a martyr when relief is so easy, so well known? Right at your grocers', or at any restaurant or soda fountain, you can get the little cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast that hold such rich promise for you!

Just eat it regularly, three cakes every day—before meals or between meals and when you go to bed—plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water.

Won't you try it—for your own health's sake? Not just for a few days . . . but long enough to find out what it will really do?

*IMPORTANT—*Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend. Ask for it by name!*

Not a "Cure-all"..Fleischmann's Yeast is a health food thousands eat

—3 cakes a day

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EXIT...

THE WHEEZES AND SNEEZES

THEY seem to come out of the air from nowhere to torment you. Don't let them take up winter quarters in your head. Get after them at the start with Vapex, the delightful inhalant.

So easy to use—just a few drops on your handkerchief. So quick—a few deep breaths bring instant relief. And so pleasant—the vapor is like mountain air.

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Breathe your cold away with

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Best Remedy is Made At Home

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REMOVES DANDRUFF
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This Way To Happiness By Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 20)

tractive. She wondered how she had ever thought him insignificant looking. "I must have been out of my mind," she said.

Of course, she no longer saw him as he was, but as a possible husband. She saw him through the haze of glamor that his wealth would bring her. She saw reflected behind him the splendors of luxury hotels in Florida, on the Riviera, of gay bathing resorts in the sunlight, of night clubs, where only the very rich or the distinguished might enter. All this happened to Janice unconsciously. It happens to every girl in a situation like hers. A sort of hypnotism we all practice when we want to see a thing as other than it is. And she wanted to find Mr. Saunders attractive. She wanted to convince herself that she liked him for himself, not for his money. She had started by feeling sorry for him, but now, altered out of all recognition by her own imagination, she saw no reason for feeling sorry for him. "I'd be awfully lucky," she thought, "to have a man as fine and attractive as him for a husband."

CHAPTER IV.
A Proposal.

The next few days they played the little comedy. Janice pretended she had no idea Mr. Saunders wanted to marry her. Mr. Saunders pretended he liked her only as a nice child. "She's too young, anyhow, for an old fellow like me," he'd say to himself.

But, you can't act for ever. Mr. Saunders awoke one evening to the fact that he had only been acting. That, more than anything in the world, he wanted this gay, glorious child for his own.

They were dining in an expensive restaurant, going on to a show. Suddenly apropos of nothing at all, he leant forward and said:

"Janice, child, do you know what you want?"

She started, for her thoughts had been wandering. The smart people in the restaurant made a gaily moving tapestry she loved to watch. Tonight it was almost like an old world tapestry, the women with their long full skirts, almost crinolines, some of them, their tight bodices, their old-fashioned rolled curls at the back of their necks. But the picture wasn't quite right. The cigarettes that burnt between their fingers weren't in keeping, nor was their laughter, often too loud, nor the snatches of chatter Janice overheard. "It's like cheating," she thought. "We're trying to get the best of two worlds, the old-fashioned and the modern. Our clothes plead for a return of man's chivalry. 'Worship me again,' our long full dresses whisper, 'you see I'm just as sweetly old-fashioned as my grandmother was!' Yet we don't mean to give up one single modern right we've won, believe me."

Mr. Saunders had to repeat his question, "Janice, child, do you know what you want?"

She drew a tight breath and felt her heartbeat quicken. She knew what was coming. And while in one way she welcomed it, in another she felt quite panicky suddenly.

She nodded her head, bright under the lamplight. "Yes."

He caught one of her hands on the table cloth. She shivered instinctively, but she didn't realize she shivered. She put it down to excitement. "Tell me," he urged.

She felt it would have been easy to say, "I want you, Mr. Saunders," and finish it quickly. But she wouldn't cheat. For while she thought she wanted him, she knew she wanted other things more.

She said breathlessly, "I want this sort of life—always. Glamorous expensive life. I want to feel I belong to it. I want the right clothes, to go to the right places."

She stopped abruptly. Somehow she ifelt ashamed of what she'd just said.

He smiled, cryptically. "You mean you want money."

She flushed slightly. Her long curling lashes fell over her eyes, throwing a faint shadow on her cheeks, very white at this moment. "I suppose I do—most."

He considered it, all the time studying her. Not what he had hoped to hear from her. Yet, he told himself, he was a fool to expect her to love him already. And she had been quite honest. Besides she was so pretty in the gay gold lamplight. So young. So colorful in the bright cornflower dress. His sense of intoxication returned. He would make her love him if she gave him a chance.

"Money isn't everything," he said at last. "You see, I have money, more money than I can possibly need, and it hasn't brought me those things. Not," he paused, "until lately."

Again she knew what he meant; her heart was pounding right up in her throat. She felt suffocated. And just for a moment she had a queer sense of foreboding disaster. But that was ridiculous. Married to Mr. Saunders and his wealth, disaster would be incapable of touching her. She would be safe for the rest of her life.

"Have you ever been in love, Janice?" His voice had sunk lower; so low she could scarcely hear it above the crooning jazz. The saxophones were sighing melodiously to the faint twang of the banjo.

She nodded, without looking at him. "Once."

"It didn't come to anything?"

Again her small bright head moved, negatively this time.

"But you'll fall in love again?" his question was almost a challenge. "With some handsome fellow who's young and romantic?"

"Oh, no," her denial was quick and emphatic. Youth and romance spelt for her Kent Wilburn. Oddly enough, one of Mr. Saunders' own fellow countrymen. But how different they were! Kent, following her up the red carpeted stairs, his black patent shoes keeping pace with her tiny red ones, saying, "You're all alike, you little typists and shop girls. Take all you can get, then back out at the last moment. Of course, you're all angling for marriage. Directly you see a chap's wealthy you're out not only for his money but for his name. Some poor saps do get caught, I know . . ."

It all came back to Janice as vividly as if it were happening to her at this very moment. Her red lips tightened; humiliation glowed again in her wide grey eyes. That was romance! That was young love!

She felt Mr. Saunders was waiting for her to say more. As though he were willing a cue into her mind. She heard herself murmur: "What do you want, Mr. Saunders?"

He cleared his throat nervously. "You, Janice." Then with gathering momentum, "I want your youth, child. I want the color you'll bring into my life. I want you to teach me to play, help me to spend money . . . I want to marry you, dear."

Janice drew a quick sobbing breath. She had expected it. Yet all the same it surprised her. And in a queer way, she felt frightened. Then that passed and the sense of glamor returned. All

Suddenly, as She Sat There, a Thought Came to Janice. "You can marry this man if you want to," It Said.

the wonderful things he would give her. All the wonderful things they could do together.

"Darling child, don't say no, please." His voice was strained. She hardly recognized it.

The pause was tense. She thought wildly, "Why don't I say, 'yes.' Why am I hesitating?"

She didn't know. She couldn't have told you. But if cost her quite an effort of will to say slowly, "Yes, I will marry you, if you want me, Mr. Saunders."

She felt him grip both her hands tight. She was amazed at the force of his grip. She hadn't realized that, though he was small, he was very muscular. "That's wonderful, darling. I'll . . . try to make you happy."

She said shyly, "I'll try to make you happy, too, Mr. Saunders."

He laughed at her. "You mustn't call me Mr. Saunders. You must call me by my Christian name."

Her lashes, lark and curling, jerked up. "What is it?"

He seemed embarrassed at telling her. "As a matter of fact it's Lancelot." He grinned crookedly. "Doesn't suit me very well. Most of my friends call me Lance."

"I don't see why it doesn't suit you."

And she didn't, that night, carried away, as she was, by excitement and glamor. He might easily have been a knight in shining armor, this small man facing her, with the nice wizened face. Wasn't he rescuing her from poverty and drudgery? Wasn't he giving her castles to live in, fine silks to wear, the right people to play round with? Wasn't he giving her everything her young soul had craved?

She whispered impulsively, "You'll always be Lancelot to me. My true knight, Lancelot."

He colored, and said unsteadily, "I hope so, dear."

The sense of glamor persisted throughout the remained of that evening. Throughout the short interval before their marriage, Lance Saunders didn't want to wait. "I've waited too long already," he'd say. "My time's getting short."

Janice would laugh at him, but she agreed. After all, no point in waiting. "The sooner the better," she thought. Almost as though she were afraid to wait.

Her days were crammed full, each more exciting than the last. Orgies of trousseau shopping. She spent every penny of her jealously hoarded savings. But of what use keeping them? Soon, she'd have more money than she could possibly spend. Lance and she dined together every night. Always at some new place, expensive and fashionable. Janice used to feel like pinching herself to make sure it was real. But she desisted. "If this is a dream," she thought, "I should hate to wake up!"

At the office she gave a week's salary in lieu of notice. The girls clustered around her, eager for details of the romance. That this Mr. Saunders was so wealthy made it tremendously exciting. "But what's he like, Janice?" they cried. "Describe him to us!"

"He's not exactly handsome, but terribly fascinating," she told them seriously. "Very strong and lithe, you know, with a tan bronzed face."

"He sounds too devastatin'," cried the little red-headed typist wistfully.

"Oh, he is," she assured them. "Why else do you think I fell for him so quickly?"

Janice wasn't consciously lying. She had hypnotized herself into believing what she said.

"He's asked you all to lunch after the wedding," she told them. It gave her a warm glow to see their pleasure.

She was glad the girls would be present at the wedding breakfast. An office family to support her instead of an ordinary one. Janice's mother was dead; her father lived in the Middle West. Since he had acquired a new wife and a new family he had lost interest in Janice. He wrote offering his good wishes and sent fifty dollars. "I'm glad you're making a sensible marriage," he wrote, "and not losing your head over some penniless young fellow." He regretted business prevented him from attending the ceremony.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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To Mothers
whose children won't eat

NATURE knows best. Never coax a child to eat! Remove the cause of a youngster's poor appetite. When appetite fails, tongue is coated white, eyes are a bilious yellow, don't give small children a constipating cathartic that drains the system. California Syrup of Figs is all the "medicine" they require.

The Child's Appetite Will Always Respond

Specialists will tell you that a sluggish appetite almost always means the child has a sluggish colon. Correct this condition called *stasis,* and see how quickly a listless, drooping boy or girl begins to eat—and gain! The only "medicine" such children seem to need is pure, unadulterated syrup of figs.

Children who get syrup of figs, now and then, soon have the appetite and energy of young animals! They keep well and avoid colds and sluggish spells.

Nature never made a finer laxative for children; and they all love the wholesome, fruity flavor of the real California Syrup of Figs. It's purely vegetable, but every druggist has it all bottled, with directions. Begin with it at once. The very next day, your child will be eating better and feeling better. Keep on with the syrup of figs a few days and see amazing improvement in appetite, color, weight, and spirits.

A single IF

The promises made by the bottlers of California Syrup of Figs are true, and it will do the same for you, IF *it's genuine CALIFORNIA. Don't accept substitutes.*

Women Plan Better Homes

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

A FEW weeks ago I lectured in a large city, and some of the clubwomen who were entertaining me suggested that I accompany them to see a local exhibit of a "model house." Though I have visited hundreds of such enterprises, I said I would be pleased to see it.

There it was, a charming bungalow of Colonial design, attractively painted on the outside. But on the inside—alas—why was it ever called a model house! There was only one thing to be said, and that was that it had been built, furnished and decorated solely to sell somebody's goods and utilities. You may ask, "Why isn't this a legitimate aim?" It may be, but if such an exhibit is to be of sincere and constructive benefit it should teach the consumer something, it should be correct, and it should be actually up to date. If not, why spend hundreds of dollars on this, that or the other "show" and entice the public to view it?

Leaving aside such elements I might make on the other rooms, let me bring forward my criticism of its kitchen. That room, quite a good floor plan to begin with, was so overloaded with cabinets that it was evident that some cabinet manufacturer had bought or influenced this whole concession. Cabinets, important as they are, must not be allowed to occupy almost two entire sides of any kitchen.

Its really excellent and modern gas range was placed under a window, a faulty location because of draughts, blowing curtains, etc. But my eye was at once attracted by the placement of a stationary, wall-type can-opener right over the range's oven! Where is a can opener most frequently used? Indeed, can it ever be utilized when placed over any oven?

Moving to the other side of the kitchen, I entered the convenient dining alcove. The benches and table were all that could be desired, but again my eye roved and rested on the in-a-wall garbage closet! Yes, there it was, built right into the wall at one end of the nook, so that —could it be—the family were to eat their cheery breakfast, in such close proximity to a receptacle for waste? I was so indignant at this and other equally faulty presentations to the public, that I sat down and wrote the company who fostered that model home a letter. But I received no reply!

Now, granted that there is no such thing as a model home or model kitchen, any more than there is a model dress, it stands to reason each must be altered, suited and styled for each individual's needs. Still any home or any kitchen must fulfill certain accepted standards of efficiency and good construction and decoration. What are these standards? That is what I would have determined by a joint body of architects, construction men, and women! I am quite serious when I say that we shall never get on with this home-owning job until there is some sort of check and advance consultation before home developments are allowed to proceed.

At this moment, I know of a 400-house building project about to be erected in one of our eastern states. It is being put up by a good honest firm of building contractors. But what woman has seen those blueprints, or had a word to say about how the kitchen, the laundry, the storage and shelf space is suited to her future woman's and housekeeping needs? I suggest in all fairness, that each state should appoint for its own self, a Home-Owner's Advisory Committee to pass on the proposed homes in its state, and that this committee should include not only the architect and the builder, the plumber, the electrician, and the decorator, but one or more women trained to present what women want if they could build houses.

I have seen so-called model kitchens where the only lighting fixture was the outmoded drop from the ceiling, where the gas range installed was of a type of at least 10 years ago, where no adequate ventilation was provided or even thought of, where the sink was orchid porcelain, the gas range pea green, and the floor in a tile shade of imitation terrace stones. But most of all, neither the floor space nor the wall space, lighting, or ventilation received due consideration from the work (and hence the woman's) point of view.

Yet the average housewife with two or more children, doing almost all of her own work, spends some 60 per cent or 75 per cent or more of her entire day inside that home. If it is easy to work in, she may do that work with a minimum of fatigue and time; if rooms are badly arranged, she may have to trail her cleaning tools all through the parlor, she may have to walk through the living room every time she opens the front door; she may have to readjust the entire lower floor after she sweeps upstairs so badly arranged is that front hall of hers. In short, there is no relation of house planning to the work that goes on in that house!

Where are the women architects? Few, indeed, and brave are those women who have worked and passed the arduous examinations for the architectural profession. And why must women understand how to build bridges and handle the mathematical formulae necessary to erect a skyscraper or a cathedral? Are there not plenty of building projects which come strictly within the woman's sphere—the tea-room, small hotels or inns, clubs, residences, country and suburban homes—in short what we may call domestic architecture?

We have been waiting for years for courses to be so designed that more women will wish to enter architecture, and far more of them to realize that they can fill a special niche in housebuilding projects. There is an increasing place for this more feminized type of work, where women have much more scope as household engineers, as domestic architects, or consultants to firms who wish to know how women want their homes to be built.

In line with this new trend, it is heartening to know that one university is just opening special courses in architecture to women. It has already planned to feature just this type of domestic architecture to women students. Let us offer it a heartfelt vote of thanks and all good wishes for this progressive step.

What does every woman want in that home of her own? For being extremely personal and individual, woman thinks of that home as her background. Every detail, every color, every installation is vital to her happiness in that house, as well as to the ease with which she conducts her housekeeping.

One of the most pleasant ideas I know, along about these dull days of February, is to plan a house, or consider remodeling the one you are now dwelling in. Look at the gardener, does he not plan his Summer garden? What is the best seller to the man or woman who is garden-minded? Why, garden and seed catalogs, to be sure! He sends for every enticing catalog and spends evenings drawing perennial borders, and planting bulbs, and imagining a profusion of sweet color—while the icicles hang from the roof!

So, too, may the home lover project the dream house, which she hopes to see a reality. She may send for catalogs and booklets and free aid from dozens of sources—from those firms making all the construction materials, the inside surfaces, the built-in installations, the heating and ventilating systems, kitchen equipment, tools for every household job. Cut-outs from magazines will help visualize how each room may be furnished; samples will give texture and color and cost; many color-plates may be had free for the asking, showing in full detail what a model kitchen really can be.

And even if you can't build or remodel, such a pastime keeps one posted on new developments, and above all makes one captious of every exhibit which styles itself a model house. Only by slow insistent demand on the part of women as homemakers will we see a new day in home building, and will be able to build better if not always bigger homes. There is only one way to secure convenient, labor-saving, artistic homes, and that is by women refusing to buy and live in any other kind. And to do this they must keep thinking!

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PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

Mlle. Debriege, the "Fatal Woman" of Paris

(Continued from Double Page)

young girl who was "Madame Laurier, and exclaiming:

"That's she—we require no further proof," they set forth hot-foot in search of my husband.

Marie (after bolting the front door securely) bade me come forth from under the bed and dress myself, but when I emerged she found no words, she just stared at me speechless.

"Whatever is the matter?" I asked nervously.

She remained speechless.

"Tell me at once what's happened," I demanded.

Thus cornered, Marie found her tongue.

"Oh, Madame, you have turned a bright yellow," she stuttered.

I ran to the mirror. I was as yellow as a buttercup!

The explanation was, however, simple. I was not a chameleon, but merely the victim of a sudden attack of jaundice, which had manifested itself (as is sometimes the case) under stress of untoward emotion. My blood, so to speak, had "turned." But, yellow though I was, I could not possibly remain at Marseilles. I wrote a hurried note to Edouard, asking him to come to the flat as soon as possible, and, after discussing my husband's coup d'etat, I decided to go to Paris regardless of the vagaries of jaundice. Edouard promised to follow within the next few days, and so, hey presto! my trunks were packed and I caught the express which would bear one more little human butterfly to the City of Illusion and Disillusion.

As the express rushed Pariswards, I knew instinctively that I had burned my bridges behind me, and that I had cut myself off from all ties of kinship. Charles troubled me not at all, but I felt a sense of desolation when I remembered my home. There is nothing like cruel experience for teaching a girl wisdom, and I was soon destined to learn my own lesson in life.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Do you, too, look Younger than you Are?

Share the stars' complexion secret!

"I'm over 30"... says Anna Q. Nilson

Fascinating, radiant—who would guess from this recent photograph that she is over 30? Her recent return from Sweden caused thousands of fans to rejoice!

"YES, I'm over thirty years old," says Anna Q. Nilsson, lovely screen star. "Keeping young isn't a matter of birthdays. It's a matter of knowing how!

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9 out of 10 screen stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant white soap regularly to guard complexion beauty. Stage stars, too, have long been insistent on Lux Toilet Soap for regular complexion care.

You will want to try it!

LUX Toilet Soap—10¢

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Savory Sauce for Mid-Winter Suppers

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Cheese Sauce.

MELT 3 tablespoons butter, add 4 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 2 cups milk, ½ teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper and stir until smooth and creamy. Add 1 cup grated cheese and let stand over hot water until cheese is melted.

Creole Sauce (For Broiled Steak).

COOK 2 tablespoons minced onion and 4 tablespoons minced pepper with 2 tablespoons butter for 5 minutes. Add 2 sliced tomatoes or about ½ cup tomato pulp, ½ cup sliced mushrooms, 6 sliced olives and a few grains pepper. Add 1½ cups well seasoned brown sauce. Season to taste with salt and pepper and a few drops lemon juice.

Russian Sauce (For Hamburg Steak).

MELT 3 tablespoons butter, add 2½ tablespoons flour and blend well. Add gradually 1 cup chicken or veal stock and stir until smooth and creamy. Add ¼ teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, ⅔ teaspoon prepared mustard, ½ teaspoon minced chives, 1 teaspoon grated horseradish and a few grains pepper. Stir constantly about 2 minutes. Strain and add ¼ cup thick cream and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Reheat before serving.

Finiste Sauce.

DELICATELY brown 3 tablespoons butter and add a few grains cayenne pepper, ¼ teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce and ⅔ cup strained stewed tomatoes.

Bechamel Sauce with Mushrooms.

COOK ½ cup mushrooms in ¼ cup butter for 5 minutes. Add ¼ cup flour and stir until well blended. Add 1½ cups chicken stock and 1 teaspoon onion juice, and stir until smooth and creamy. Bring to boiling point, add ½ cup rich cream, salt and pepper to taste and serve immediately.

Savory Sauce for Fried Fish.

TO 1 cup well seasoned mayonnaise add ½ tablespoon minced capers, 1 minced gherkin, 2 tablespoons thick tomato pulp (strained tomatoes simmered until reduced to a paste), and, if desired, 1 teaspoon minced parsley.

Olive Sauce.

MELT 2 tablespoons butter, add 1 minced onion, a bit of bay leaf and 1 clove and cook until the onion is soft. Remove the bay leaf and clove, add 2½ tablespoons flour and blend well. Gradually add 2 cups rich brown stock and stir until smooth and creamy. Add 6 sliced stuffed olives and reheat over hot water. Add salt and pepper to taste.

Celery Sauce (Good with Chicken Fricassee).

MELT 2 tablespoons butter and 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 cup chicken liquor or stock, ½ cup celery liquor and ½ cup cream or milk and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Add ¼ cup minced cooked celery, ¼ teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper and if you like the flavor add a little minced parsley.

Delicious Sauce.

CREAM 4 tablespoons butter, heating in a egg yolks, one at a time. Add ¼ cup thick cream, a few grains salt, a few grains pepper and cook over hot water until mixture thickens, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Beat in 2½ tablespoons lemon juice and 4 tablespoons butter, using a beater or wire whisk. Do not reheat. If mixture should curdle, add 1 tablespoon cream and beat with an egg beater until smooth.

Winter Time Mayonnaise (Served Hot).

ADD 2 tablespoons salad oil slowly to 2 well beaten egg yolks and gradually add 1 tablespoon vinegar and ¼ cup hot water. Stir constantly over hot water until mixture thickens. Add a few grains salt and pepper and, if desired, add 1 teaspoon minced parsley.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Apple Sauce, Whole Wheat Cereal, Bread Crumb Griddle Cakes, Honey, Coffee.	Orange Juice, Scrambled Eggs with Minced Bacon, Golden Corn Muffins, Coffee.	Stewed Apricots, Small Sausage Balls, Potatoes, Reheated Rolls, Coffee.	Stewed Prunes, Soft Cooked Eggs with Whole Wheat Toast, Coffee.	Stewed Prunes, Salt Codfish Hash, Toast, Coffee.	Sliced Bananas, Oatmeal, Graham Toast with Orange Marmalade, Coffee.	Fruit, Whole Grain Cereal, Reheated French Rolls, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Asparagus with Asparagus Sauce, Graham Rolls, Tapioca and Banana Sponge, Tea.	Corned Beef Hash au Gratin, Shredded or Grated Raw Cabbage Salad, Canned Loganberries, Valentine Cookies, Tea.	Baked Macaroni and Tomatoes, Bran Muffins, Shredded Lettuce Salad, French Dressing, Lemon Snow Pudding, Tea.	Vegetarian Chowder, Graham Rolls, Rhubarb Whip, Tea.	Split Pea Soup, Crackers, Stuffed Egg Salad, Hot Orange Punch.	Oyster Stew, Oyster Crackers, Relish, Pineapple Salad, Coffee.	Halibut a la Creole, Potatoes Surprise, Brussels Sprouts, Swiss Pudding, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner (Valentine)*	*Supper (Valentine)*
Irish Stew with Paprika Dumplings, Radishes, Prune Souffle.	Hamburg Steak with Russian Sauce, Buttered Noodles, Broccoli, String Beans, Upside Down Pineapple Cake.	Stuffed Flank Steak, Baked Sweet Potatoes or Boiled Potatoes with Parsley, Creamed Celery, Jellied Fruit Salad, Cream Dressing, Cheese Hearts.	Baked Fillet of Haddock, Baked Lima Beans, Baked Small White Potatoes or Spaghetti, Sliced Tomatoes and Green Peppers, French Dressing, Left-Over Cake and Pineapple Trifle, Coffee.	Baked Lima Beans, Baked Small White Potatoes or Spaghetti, Sliced Tomatoes and Green Peppers, French Dressing, Left-Over Cake and Pineapple Trifle, Coffee.	Baked Ham, Cauliflower, Mashed Potato Cones, Beet and Endive Salad, French Dressing, Raspberry Ice Cream, Valentine Cakes, Coffee.	Creamed Mushrooms or Mushrooms and Scallops on Heart Toast, Radish Roses, Celery Hearts, Tangerine Tapioca, Candy Hearts, Coffee.

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